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Daily Mirror

ALL THE NEWS BY
TELEGRAPH,
PHOTOGRAPH, AND
PARAGRAPH.

No. 185.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

WARNER'S WEDDING.



Miss Agnes Blythe, who is to be married to-day
to Mr. P. F. Warner, the cricketer.

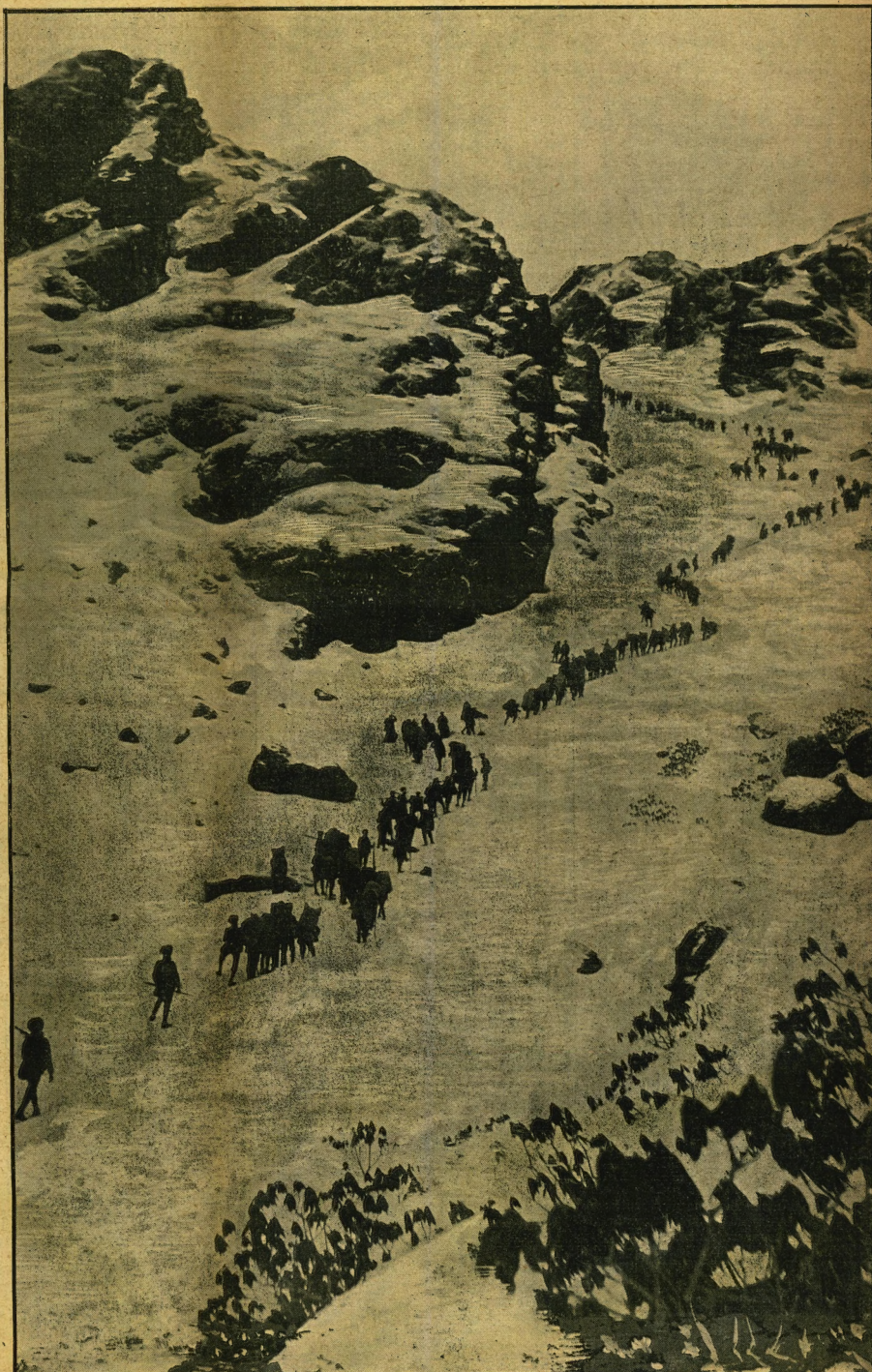


Mr. P. F. Warner, who captained the victorious M.C.C. team in Australia, is to be married to-day at the Parish Church, St. Marylebone.



Lord Hawke, captain of the Yorkshire cricket team for twenty-one years, is acting as Mr. Warner's best man at his wedding to-day.—
(Photograph by Hawkins.)

BRITAIN'S TASK IN TIBET.



The 3rd Company Bengal Sappers and Miners, of the British Mission to Tibet, making their way through the passes to Gyantse, at an elevation of over 13,000 feet above the sea, almost as high as Mont Blanc.—(Photographed by an officer of the expedition, shortly afterwards wounded while at the head of his men.)

BIRTHS.

BAKER—On June 4, at 4, Hicknell-mansions, W., the wife of Ernest H. Baker, of a son.
BOAD—On June 3, at Lavender, Trowbury-road, Sydenham, the wife of S. R. Boad, of a son.
BONALLACK—On Thursday, June 3, at Ashdene, Norwich-road, Forest Gate, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Bonallack, a son.
HAWSKINS—On June 4, at Crichmore, Guildford, the wife of Captain F. W. Hawks, Indian Army, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ALLDER-HIBBERT—On Saturday, the 4th inst., at St. Paul's Church, Finchley, by the Rev. H. A. Brewer, cousin of the bridegroom, Reginald George, elder son of the late John Robinson Alder, to Miss, only daughter of Walter Hibbert, of Finchley.
BAIRD-BOYCE—On June 2, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, by Rev. G. H. Aiken, Rector of Hammersmith, and Rev. H. B. Walton, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. J. B. Baird, of 118, Tottenham Court Road, to Miss Mary, youngest daughter of the late Henry Joachim and Mrs. Joachim, of 15, Arlegrave-road, and Highland, Halesmere.

DEATHS.

JAY—On June 3, at 19, Wilberforce-road, Finsbury Park, N. Mary Jay, widow of the late Isaac Jay, aged 75 years.
UNDERWOOD—On the 4th inst., at his residence, 23, Dorset-street, E.C. 1, Charles Underwood, formerly also of 15, Holborn-street, Cavendish-square, aged 82. No flowers, by request.
YOUNG—On June 4, at 67, Landerdale-mansions, N.W., Annie Maude, widow of the Rev. Cyril J. Bradford Young, aged 45.

PERSONAL.

BONNET—You must meet, dear. I've tried hard.
BEIA—Can you meet me Wednesday, Victoria, 37.
YES, dearest, am waiting. Thinking always of you.
LILLY—Meet Thursday, as arranged for last. Answer—**ERNEST**.
SCARLET-RIBBON—Make appointment in your lunch-time.—**DARLING**.
AWFULLY sorry, too poorly to leave home for few days. Love, ever yours.—**LESLIE**.
DUGO—Will Colonial gentleman call again or communicate with Mr. Victor Hugo, Dentist, London?
ANNUAL REGISTER—Wanted, reprint of the "Annual Register," State dates and prices.—Box 1361, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., E.C.
22 REWARD—Lost on 6th inst. in Temple-district, gold watch, with diamond circle and dark blue face, pendant from double row diamond bar brooch. Whoever returns to Leoy and Fils, 57, New Bond-street, will receive above reward.
LEFT in second-class carriage in 7.30 arrival Victoria Thursday, comes in case. Reward.—Latham, Solicitor, Luton.
10s. REWARD—Lost, pocket book, with papers and cancelled Receipts.—Apply 37, Kingswood-road, Clapham-park, S.W.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per line afterwards. They can be brought to the notice of the advertiser by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 2d. per line. For terms of advertisement, apply to the Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., London.

SHIPPING TOURS, Etc.

LONDON TO NORWAY—WILSON LINE
HOLIDAY TOURS—first-class throughout 10 days, 8s. 6d. and 17 days, 12s. 6d. and 21 days, 15s. 6d. and 28 days, 18s. 6d. and 35 days, 21s. 6d. and 42 days, 24s. 6d. and 49 days, 27s. 6d. and 56 days, 30s. 6d. and 63 days, 33s. 6d. and 70 days, 36s. 6d. and 77 days, 39s. 6d. and 84 days, 42s. 6d. and 91 days, 45s. 6d. and 98 days, 48s. 6d. and 105 days, 51s. 6d. and 112 days, 54s. 6d. and 119 days, 57s. 6d. and 126 days, 60s. 6d. and 133 days, 63s. 6d. and 140 days, 66s. 6d. and 147 days, 69s. 6d. and 154 days, 72s. 6d. and 161 days, 75s. 6d. and 168 days, 78s. 6d. and 175 days, 81s. 6d. and 182 days, 84s. 6d. and 189 days, 87s. 6d. and 196 days, 90s. 6d. and 203 days, 93s. 6d. and 210 days, 96s. 6d. and 217 days, 99s. 6d. and 224 days, 102s. 6d. and 231 days, 105s. 6d. and 238 days, 108s. 6d. and 245 days, 111s. 6d. and 252 days, 114s. 6d. and 259 days, 117s. 6d. and 266 days, 120s. 6d. and 273 days, 123s. 6d. and 280 days, 126s. 6d. and 287 days, 129s. 6d. and 294 days, 132s. 6d. and 301 days, 135s. 6d. and 308 days, 138s. 6d. and 315 days, 141s. 6d. and 322 days, 144s. 6d. and 329 days, 147s. 6d. and 336 days, 150s. 6d. and 343 days, 153s. 6d. and 350 days, 156s. 6d. and 357 days, 159s. 6d. and 364 days, 162s. 6d. and 371 days, 165s. 6d. and 378 days, 168s. 6d. and 385 days, 171s. 6d. and 392 days, 174s. 6d. and 399 days, 177s. 6d. and 406 days, 180s. 6d. and 413 days, 183s. 6d. and 420 days, 186s. 6d. and 427 days, 189s. 6d. and 434 days, 192s. 6d. and 441 days, 195s. 6d. and 448 days, 198s. 6d. and 455 days, 201s. 6d. and 462 days, 204s. 6d. and 469 days, 207s. 6d. and 476 days, 210s. 6d. and 483 days, 213s. 6d. and 490 days, 216s. 6d. and 497 days, 219s. 6d. and 504 days, 222s. 6d. and 511 days, 225s. 6d. and 518 days, 228s. 6d. and 525 days, 231s. 6d. and 532 days, 234s. 6d. and 539 days, 237s. 6d. and 546 days, 240s. 6d. and 553 days, 243s. 6d. and 560 days, 246s. 6d. and 567 days, 249s. 6d. and 574 days, 252s. 6d. and 581 days, 255s. 6d. and 588 days, 258s. 6d. and 595 days, 261s. 6d. and 602 days, 264s. 6d. and 609 days, 267s. 6d. and 616 days, 270s. 6d. and 623 days, 273s. 6d. and 630 days, 276s. 6d. and 637 days, 279s. 6d. and 644 days, 282s. 6d. and 651 days, 285s. 6d. and 658 days, 288s. 6d. and 665 days, 291s. 6d. and 672 days, 294s. 6d. and 679 days, 297s. 6d. and 686 days, 300s. 6d. and 693 days, 303s. 6d. and 700 days, 306s. 6d. and 707 days, 309s. 6d. and 714 days, 312s. 6d. and 721 days, 315s. 6d. and 728 days, 318s. 6d. and 735 days, 321s. 6d. and 742 days, 324s. 6d. and 749 days, 327s. 6d. and 756 days, 330s. 6d. and 763 days, 333s. 6d. and 770 days, 336s. 6d. and 777 days, 339s. 6d. and 784 days, 342s. 6d. and 791 days, 345s. 6d. and 798 days, 348s. 6d. and 805 days, 351s. 6d. and 812 days, 354s. 6d. and 819 days, 357s. 6d. and 826 days, 360s. 6d. and 833 days, 363s. 6d. and 840 days, 366s. 6d. and 847 days, 369s. 6d. and 854 days, 372s. 6d. and 861 days, 375s. 6d. and 868 days, 378s. 6d. and 875 days, 381s. 6d. and 882 days, 384s. 6d. and 889 days, 387s. 6d. and 896 days, 390s. 6d. and 903 days, 393s. 6d. and 910 days, 396s. 6d. and 917 days, 399s. 6d. and 924 days, 402s. 6d. and 931 days, 405s. 6d. and 938 days, 408s. 6d. and 945 days, 411s. 6d. and 952 days, 414s. 6d. and 959 days, 417s. 6d. and 966 days, 420s. 6d. and 973 days, 423s. 6d. and 980 days, 426s. 6d. and 987 days, 429s. 6d. and 994 days, 432s. 6d. and 1001 days, 435s. 6d. and 1008 days, 438s. 6d. and 1015 days, 441s. 6d. and 1022 days, 444s. 6d. and 1029 days, 447s. 6d. and 1036 days, 450s. 6d. and 1043 days, 453s. 6d. and 1050 days, 456s. 6d. and 1057 days, 459s. 6d. and 1064 days, 462s. 6d. and 1071 days, 465s. 6d. and 1078 days, 468s. 6d. and 1085 days, 471s. 6d. and 1092 days, 474s. 6d. and 1099 days, 477s. 6d. and 1106 days, 480s. 6d. and 1113 days, 483s. 6d. and 1120 days, 486s. 6d. and 1127 days, 489s. 6d. and 1134 days, 492s. 6d. and 1141 days, 495s. 6d. and 1148 days, 498s. 6d. and 1155 days, 501s. 6d. and 1162 days, 504s. 6d. and 1169 days, 507s. 6d. and 1176 days, 510s. 6d. and 1183 days, 513s. 6d. and 1190 days, 516s. 6d. and 1197 days, 519s. 6d. and 1204 days, 522s. 6d. and 1211 days, 525s. 6d. and 1218 days, 528s. 6d. and 1225 days, 531s. 6d. and 1232 days, 534s. 6d. and 1239 days, 537s. 6d. and 1246 days, 540s. 6d. and 1253 days, 543s. 6d. and 1260 days, 546s. 6d. and 1267 days, 549s. 6d. and 1274 days, 552s. 6d. and 1281 days, 555s. 6d. and 1288 days, 558s. 6d. and 1295 days, 561s. 6d. and 1302 days, 564s. 6d. and 1309 days, 567s. 6d. and 1316 days, 570s. 6d. and 1323 days, 573s. 6d. and 1330 days, 576s. 6d. and 1337 days, 579s. 6d. and 1344 days, 582s. 6d. and 1351 days, 585s. 6d. and 1358 days, 588s. 6d. and 1365 days, 591s. 6d. and 1372 days, 594s. 6d. and 1379 days, 597s. 6d. and 1386 days, 600s. 6d. and 1393 days, 603s. 6d. and 1400 days, 606s. 6d. and 1407 days, 609s. 6d. and 1414 days, 612s. 6d. and 1421 days, 615s. 6d. and 1428 days, 618s. 6d. and 1435 days, 621s. 6d. and 1442 days, 624s. 6d. and 1449 days, 627s. 6d. and 1456 days, 630s. 6d. and 1463 days, 633s. 6d. and 1470 days, 636s. 6d. and 1477 days, 639s. 6d. and 1484 days, 642s. 6d. and 1491 days, 645s. 6d. and 1498 days, 648s. 6d. and 1505 days, 651s. 6d. and 1512 days, 654s. 6d. and 1519 days, 657s. 6d. and 1526 days, 660s. 6d. and 1533 days, 663s. 6d. and 1540 days, 666s. 6d. and 1547 days, 669s. 6d. and 1554 days, 672s. 6d. and 1561 days, 675s. 6d. and 1568 days, 678s. 6d. and 1575 days, 681s. 6d. and 1582 days, 684s. 6d. and 1589 days, 687s. 6d. and 1596 days, 690s. 6d. and 1603 days, 693s. 6d. and 1610 days, 696s. 6d. and 1617 days, 699s. 6d. and 1624 days, 702s. 6d. and 1631 days, 705s. 6d. and 1638 days, 708s. 6d. and 1645 days, 711s. 6d. and 1652 days, 714s. 6d. and 1659 days, 717s. 6d. and 1666 days, 720s. 6d. and 1673 days, 723s. 6d. and 1680 days, 726s. 6d. and 1687 days, 729s. 6d. and 1694 days, 732s. 6d. and 1701 days, 735s. 6d. and 1708 days, 738s. 6d. and 1715 days, 741s. 6d. and 1722 days, 744s. 6d. and 1729 days, 747s. 6d. and 1736 days, 750s. 6d. and 1743 days, 753s. 6d. and 1750 days, 756s. 6d. and 1757 days, 759s. 6d. and 1764 days, 762s. 6d. and 1771 days, 765s. 6d. and 1778 days, 768s. 6d. and 1785 days, 771s. 6d. and 1792 days, 774s. 6d. and 1799 days, 777s. 6d. and 1806 days, 780s. 6d. and 1813 days, 783s. 6d. and 1820 days, 786s. 6d. and 1827 days, 789s. 6d. and 1834 days, 792s. 6d. and 1841 days, 795s. 6d. and 1848 days, 798s. 6d. and 1855 days, 801s. 6d. and 1862 days, 804s. 6d. and 1869 days, 807s. 6d. and 1876 days, 810s. 6d. and 1883 days, 813s. 6d. and 1890 days, 816s. 6d. and 1897 days, 819s. 6d. and 1904 days, 822s. 6d. and 1911 days, 825s. 6d. and 1918 days, 828s. 6d. and 1925 days, 831s. 6d. and 1932 days, 834s. 6d. and 1939 days, 837s. 6d. and 1946 days, 840s. 6d. and 1953 days, 843s. 6d. and 1960 days, 846s. 6d. and 1967 days, 849s. 6d. and 1974 days, 852s. 6d. and 1981 days, 855s. 6d. and 1988 days, 858s. 6d. and 1995 days, 861s. 6d. and 2002 days, 864s. 6d. and 2009 days, 867s. 6d. and 2016 days, 870s. 6d. and 2023 days, 873s. 6d. and 2030 days, 876s. 6d. and 2037 days, 879s. 6d. and 2044 days, 882s. 6d. and 2051 days, 885s. 6d. and 2058 days, 888s. 6d. and 2065 days, 891s. 6d. and 2072 days, 894s. 6d. and 2079 days, 897s. 6d. and 2086 days, 900s. 6d. and 2093 days, 903s. 6d. and 2100 days, 906s. 6d. and 2107 days, 909s. 6d. and 2114 days, 912s. 6d. and 2121 days, 915s. 6d. and 2128 days, 918s. 6d. and 2135 days, 921s. 6d. and 2142 days, 924s. 6d. and 2149 days, 927s. 6d. and 2156 days, 930s. 6d. and 2163 days, 933s. 6d. and 2170 days, 936s. 6d. and 2177 days, 939s. 6d. and 2184 days, 942s. 6d. and 2191 days, 945s. 6d. and 2198 days, 948s. 6d. and 2205 days, 951s. 6d. and 2212 days, 954s. 6d. and 2219 days, 957s. 6d. and 2226 days, 960s. 6d. and 2233 days, 963s. 6d. and 2240 days, 966s. 6d. and 2247 days, 969s. 6d. and 2254 days, 972s. 6d. and 2261 days, 975s. 6d. and 2268 days, 978s. 6d. and 2275 days, 981s. 6d. and 2282 days, 984s. 6d. and 2289 days, 987s. 6d. and 2296 days, 990s. 6d. and 2303 days, 993s. 6d. and 2310 days, 996s. 6d. and 2317 days, 999s. 6d. and 2324 days, 1002s. 6d. and 2331 days, 1005s. 6d. and 2338 days, 1008s. 6d. and 2345 days, 1011s. 6d. and 2352 days, 1014s. 6d. and 2359 days, 1017s. 6d. and 2366 days, 1020s. 6d. and 2373 days, 1023s. 6d. and 2380 days, 1026s. 6d. and 2387 days, 1029s. 6d. and 2394 days, 1032s. 6d. and 2401 days, 1035s. 6d. and 2408 days, 1038s. 6d. and 2415 days, 1041s. 6d. and 2422 days, 1044s. 6d. and 2429 days, 1047s. 6d. and 2436 days, 1050s. 6d. and 2443 days, 1053s. 6d. and 2450 days, 1056s. 6d. and 2457 days, 1059s. 6d. and 2464 days, 1062s. 6d. and 2471 days, 1065s. 6d. and 2478 days, 1068s. 6d. and 2485 days, 1071s. 6d. and 2492 days, 1074s. 6d. and 2499 days, 1077s. 6d. and 2506 days, 1080s. 6d. and 2513 days, 1083s. 6d. and 2520 days, 1086s. 6d. and 2527 days, 1089s. 6d. and 2534 days, 1092s. 6d. and 2541 days, 1095s. 6d. and 2548 days, 1098s. 6d. and 2555 days, 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6d. and 3367 days, 1449s. 6d. and 3374 days, 1452s. 6d. and 3381 days, 1455s. 6d. and 3388 days, 1458s. 6d. and 3395 days, 1461s. 6d. and 3402 days, 1464s. 6d. and 3409 days, 1467s. 6d. and 3416 days, 1470s. 6d. and 3423 days, 1473s. 6d. and 3430 days, 1476s. 6d. and 3437 days, 1479s. 6d. and 3444 days, 1482s. 6d. and 3451 days, 1485s. 6d. and 3458 days, 1488s. 6d. and 3465 days, 1491s. 6d. and 3472 days, 1494s. 6d. and 3479 days, 1497s. 6d. and 3486 days, 1500s. 6d. and 3493 days, 1503s. 6d. and 3500 days, 1506s. 6d. and 3507 days, 1509s. 6d. and 3514 days, 1512s. 6d. and 3521 days, 1515s. 6d. and 3528 days, 1518s. 6d. and 3535 days, 1521s. 6d. and 3542 days, 1524s. 6d. and 3549 days, 1527s. 6d. and 3556 days, 1530s. 6d. and 3563 days, 1533s. 6d. and 3570 days, 1536s. 6d. and 3577 days, 1539s. 6d. and 3584 days, 1542s. 6d. and 3591 days, 1545s. 6d. and 3598 days, 1548s. 6d. and 3605 days, 1551s. 6d. and 3612 days, 1554s. 6d. and 3619 days, 1557s. 6d. and 3626 days, 1560s. 6d. and 3633 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6d. and 3906 days, 1680s. 6d. and 3913 days, 1683s. 6d. and 3920 days, 1686s. 6d. and 3927 days, 1689s. 6d. and 3934 days, 1692s. 6d. and 3941 days, 1695s. 6d. and 3948 days, 1698s. 6d. and 3955 days, 1701s. 6d. and 3962 days, 1704s. 6d. and 3969 days, 1707s. 6d. and 3976 days, 1710s. 6d. and 3983 days, 1713s. 6d. and 3990 days, 1716s. 6d. and 3997 days, 1719s. 6d. and 4004 days, 1722s. 6d. and 4011 days, 1725s. 6d. and 4018 days, 1728s. 6d. and 4025 days, 1731s. 6d. and 4032 days, 1734s. 6d. and 4039 days, 1737s. 6d. and 4046 days, 1740s. 6d. and 4053 days, 1743s. 6d. and 4060 days, 1746s. 6d. and 4067 days, 1749s. 6d. and 4074 days, 1752s. 6d. and 4081 days, 1755s. 6d. and 4088 days, 1758s. 6d. and 4095 days, 1761s. 6d. and 4102 days, 1764s. 6d. and 4109 days, 1767s. 6d. and 4116 days, 1770s. 6d. and 4123 days, 1773s. 6d. and 4130 days, 1776s. 6d. and 4137 days, 1779s. 6d. and 4144 days, 1782s. 6d. and 4151 days, 1785s. 6d. and 4158 days, 1788s. 6d. and 4165 days, 1791s. 6d. and 4172 days, 1794s. 6d. and 4179 days, 1797s. 6d. and 4186 days, 1800s.

NEARING THE GOAL.

Japanese Advancing on
Port Arthur Supported
by Warships.

RUSSIA'S RELIEF FORCE.

14,000 Men Marching to the
Besieged Fortress.

General Kuropatkin has relieved the tension in the public mind by making a dash to the south. Accompanied by his staff, he has proceeded by train to a point between Hal-cheng and Tachichao, sixty versts south of Liao-yang.

Meanwhile the Japanese are advancing in the direction of Port Arthur, and various reports state that last week they were within two to fifteen miles of the fortress. A battle is said to have been fought on Friday, the result of which is not yet known.

Admiral Togo announces the blowing up of a Russian gunboat off Port Arthur, probably by a Japanese mine, and from Russian sources it is asserted that a Japanese vessel has been destroyed off Talien-wan.

KUROPATKIN'S DASH.

Russian Commander Hurries South
by Train.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

A telegram from one of the foreign military attachés with the Russian forces in Manchuria announces that General Kuropatkin and his staff have gone by railway to a point between Hal-cheng and Tachichao, sixty versts south of Liao-yang.—Reuter.

PORT ARTHUR RELIEF FORCE.

PARIS, Monday.

The "Matin" publishes a telegram stating that General Stackelberg, who is actually operating with 14,000 troops towards Port Arthur, has been appointed to the command of an Army Corps, in succession to General Sassulitch.

There is evidence of strong influence being exerted against the folly of sending General Kuropatkin to relieve Port Arthur, and sacrificing military to political interest.

The prevailing general impression is that General Kuropatkin will not move.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

ONLY TWO MILES APART.

Reuter messages from Chifu state that on June 2 the Japanese were within two miles of the outer forts of Port Arthur, and only two miles from the Russian army, which is ready to contest their passage.

Another account says that there are still fifteen miles between the forces and Port Arthur.

The Japanese are advancing along both coasts of the peninsula, the operations being supported by Japanese warships.

On Friday the division on the east coast fought a battle within fifteen miles of the fortress, but the result, says Reuter, is not yet known.

RUSSIAN GUNBOAT DESTROYED.

Admiral Togo reports that on Saturday, off Port Arthur, a Russian gunboat was blown up, probably by a Japanese mine.

JAPANESE VESSEL REPORTED LOST.

The Russian Consul at Chifu learns that a large Japanese vessel has been sunk by a mine off Talien-wan.

The vessel is believed to be a merchantman.—Reuter.

STORES FOR FOUR-AND-A-HALF YEARS.

According to Mr. W. S. Smith, brother of the American Consul at Moscow, who has just left Port Arthur, the Russians in that fortress have ample stores of provisions for four-and-a-half years.—Reuter.

Three men—two Russian soldiers and a Chinese—were recently hanged at Port Arthur for taking vodka from the officers' mess. When Father Urmsky was confessing the men before hanging he told the Chinaman that he had one chance left of escaping hell, but the Chinaman said: "Me no want to go to Russian Heaven."

AFRICAN TREACHERY.

Expedition Avenge the Murder
of Two British Officers.

The punitive expedition dispatched into the Bassa Province of Northern Nigeria against the Okopoto people, who ambushed and cut up a British patrol in December last and killed the two white officers in charge, has been entirely successful after three months' trying operations. Major Merrick had under him eight officers and two British non-coms, and 300 West African Frontier Force, among whom there were seventy casualties, with two Maxims, one millimetre gun, and one gun detachment, with 400 carriers.

The enemy, taking advantage of the thick jungle, tried to ambush the force. They were armed with Dane guns, Sniders, and the rifles captured from the British patrol, and greatly harassed the column.

The most important engagement occurred at Ogodo, one of the largest Okopoto towns, the taking and burning of which involved four hours' constant fighting.

The enemy have agreed to pay heavy fines, to surrender the hostile king, and to give up the bodies and kit of the murdered officers and the guns captured.

OPPOSITION IN A FIX.

False Step in the Licensing
Bill Discussion.

There had been little doubt that the keenest fighting when the Licensing Bill reached the Committee stage in the House of Commons yesterday would be over the time limit question. Inadvertently the Opposition played into Mr. Balfour's hands.

After a motion for the postponement of Clause 1 had been defeated by 227 to 116, Mr. Ellis Griffith moved an amendment, the effect of which was to limit the operation of the Bill to a period of seven years.

Upon the chairman ruling that if the discussion on this amendment was permitted to range over the time limit question the subject could not be raised again subsequently, as it would be a waste of the time of the House, the Opposition became alarmed, and Mr. Ellis Griffith asked leave to withdraw his amendment.

Mr. Balfour said no human being had ever doubted that the real point was the time-limit for the payment of compensation. Everybody was interested in that.

Leave to withdraw the amendment having been refused, the Prime Minister dealt with the objections to it on its merits. He acknowledged that the attitude of the Government was favourable to a time limit, but denied that the clergy had any special or peculiar title to give an opinion on the matter. He did not think that they, or the hon. members, had ever considered what would happen when the time limit came to an end.

The equitable right to the compensation would vanish with seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, or whatever the period might be. What were they going to do to improve public-houses, or to advance the interests of temperance, by a time limit? By a time limit they would reduce the fund out of which compensation was to be paid, and which could be immediately applied.

MRS. LYTTELTON'S NEW PLAY.

There was a brilliant audience at the Camden Theatre yesterday, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced "Warp and Woof," a play written by Mrs. Lyttelton, the wife of the Colonial Secretary.

The play deals with the world of dress, but its purpose is one of serious criticism. Its heroine—Theodosia Heming—is a dressmaker, and it is this part that the talented authoress has designed for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. In Lady Barkstone's drawing-room Theodosia delivers a passionate outburst to a gathering of society ladies, regarding the wrongs of her sister-workers, and it is this speech that is Mrs. Lyttelton's main effort. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's great opportunity.

Mrs. Campbell was supported by a clever company.

MELBA IN A NEW ROLE.

Opera-goers are looking forward with interest to the production at Covent Garden, on the 15th, of M. Saint-Saëns's new opera, "Hélène," which was given for the first time at Nice last December.

Additional interest is created by the fact that it will introduce Madame Melba in a new rôle, that of Hélène, the part having been created by her at Nice.

The whole cast, which is a very small one, is as follows: Hélène, Madame Melba; Venus, Miss Parkina; Pallas, Madame Kirby Lunn; Paris, M. Dalmores.

The plot of the opera deals with the familiar Homeric story of Paris and Helen, the action commencing with events subsequent to the famous "judgment."

M. Messager will conduct the performance, which will be witnessed by the veteran composer, who is in England this week.

THE CADDIE'S "FOUL."

Extraordinary Incident in Golf
Championship.

The Amateur Golf Championship Tournament is over, and Mr. W. J. Travis, of the Garden City Golf Club, U.S.A., is the brilliant winner.

The award has gone to him, and in every sense it is bad sportsmanship to raise the cry that he virtually lost his game to Mr. James Robb in the second heat.

This, however, is what is being talked about at Sandwich and in the club houses throughout the country, since it has leaked out that Mr. Robb ignored a claim he could have legitimately made for a foul at a stage of the game when the score would have been reversed, putting Robb and not Travis 1 up.

Gossip says it was unfair to the other players in the tournament, and the grievance is echoed again and again that Robb should have claimed the hole.

The grounds of his claim, it appears, were indisputable. Travis at the critical moment of the heat called to his caddie to lift the flag, and the lad—how a caddie could have made such a mistake is inexplicable—lifted the ball instead.

There was no referee, or the affair would have been settled on the spot.

Robb's friends excuse him on the ground that he himself has been the victim of a caddie's error. Once when playing the late Dr. Allen at Muirfield, Robb's caddie lifted Dr. Allen's ball, and Robb was mulcted in penalties.

Hence his generous mood when playing Travis. On the other hand, it is stated that had Robb known that Travis claimed a hole from Holden for grounding his club in the bunker in the previous heat—a perfectly legal proceeding under the by-laws of the Royal St. George Golf Links—he would have insisted on the caddie's error being counted to his own total.

TWO INCHES FROM DEATH.

Motor-Car on Snowdon Narrowly
Escapes Fall of 1,200 Feet.

Mr. W. M. Letts descended Snowdon yesterday on a five horse-power Oldsmobile in the remarkably short time of fifty-seven minutes. The railway track was followed the whole of the distance, some five miles, a number of culverts being bridged by means of planks.

At one point a fatality was but narrowly averted. Just at a most dangerous part, where the route traversed overlooks Llanberis Pass, a depth of 1,200 feet, the car came in contact with a sleeper of the railway and rebounded to within two inches of the edge of the precipice. The onlookers thought all was over, but happily Mr. Letts was able to regain full control of the car just in the nick of time.

This occurred at the very spot from which the engine fell into Llanberis Pass upon the first public trip to the summit of Snowdon some eight years ago.

MOROCCAN IMBROGLIO.

European Powers Object to United
States Intervention.

The American naval demonstration at Tangier, with the object of securing the release of Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley, who are held captive by the bandit Raisuli, is likely to lead to complications.

According to the "Correspondencia de Espana" it is rumoured that Notes have been exchanged between the European Chancelleries declaring that the United States has no right to take action in Morocco beyond endeavouring to secure the release of Mr. Perdicaris, and that Europe cannot consent to any other intervention on the part of the United States.—Reuter.

Reuter's message from Gibraltar says that H.M. battleship Prince of Wales will sail to-day for Tangier.

It is reported that the French Mediterranean squadron has sailed for Tangier, and three Spanish warships have also sailed for the same port.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR TIBET.

SIMLA, Monday.

Two sections of the 27th Mountain Battery at Abbottabad, one company of sappers and miners at Roorkee, and the 19th and 33rd Regiments of Punjab have been ordered to prepare to proceed to Sikkim on receipt of orders.—Reuter.

A St. Petersburg message to the "Matin" states that Great Britain and Russia have signed an agreement relative to Tibet, in which Great Britain assures Russia that the present expedition is not directed against her. Great Britain, it is also rumoured, expressly recognises Russian rights in Tibet.

A picture showing Britain's task in Tibet appears on page 1.

MISSING MAN'S CARD.

Probert, the London Clerk,
Directed Home—His
Memory a Blank.

TRACKED IN MANCHESTER.

With his mind a perfect blank as to his movements since May 24, Mr. Charles Probert, known also as a professional entertainer under the name of Charles Conway, returned on Sunday morning to his home at 13, Parkhurst-road, Holloway.

Mr. Probert, as recorded in the *Mirror* yesterday, had been lost to his friends and relatives for twelve days. On May 24 he had gone to his business at a solicitor's office in the City, and later in the day went to the Egyptian Hall where he had been performing for Messrs. Maskeyne and Cook. He had fallen on the stairs of Moorgate-street Station in the morning, and, complaining of feeling unwell, left the Egyptian Hall, presumably to see a doctor. Since then until Saturday night all trace of him was lost.

Mr. Charles Coburn, the well-known music-hall singer, was the first person who recognised the missing man. Passing hurriedly along a street in Manchester he caught sight of Mr. Probert's face, which was well known to him. Knowing of the mystery of his disappearance he turned to speak to him, but Probert had vanished from sight, and all Mr. Coburn's efforts to find him failed. He immediately notified the Manchester police of his discovery; they, in turn, wired to the London police, who carried the story to the missing man's mother.

Wanderer's Return.

The news that her son was alive brought solace to the broken-hearted mother, but the fact that Mr. Coburn had not been able to speak to him left the mystery of his disappearance still unsolved. On Sunday morning, however, all doubts and fears were set at rest, for at about 6.30 a.m. the wakeful mother heard someone enter the house, and, rushing downstairs, fell into the arms of her son. At first he did not recognise her, and seemed dazed and weak. A doctor was immediately sent for, and Mr. Probert is still under his care.

Yesterday and on Sunday friends and relatives called at Parkhurst-road to see Mr. Probert, but he recognised none of them. Even Mr. Parkinson, a close friend, who had lived in the same house with him for some years, was treated as a perfect stranger.

All efforts to recall events failed to make any impression on Mr. Probert's memory. He was shown photographs of himself in character rôles he had assumed, but was unable to remember that he had ever appeared on the stage. Beyond what had happened since Saturday night his mind was a blank.

Kind Samaritan.

By skillful questioning Mr. Parkinson and his mother learned the story of how he had arrived home. A friend, whose name he could not recall, had met him in Manchester on Saturday night, and after buying supper for him, had put him in the 12.5 a.m. train on Sunday morning, and gave him complete instructions on a card directing him where to go to, and telling him that he should open the door of 13, Parkhurst-road, with the latchkey that was still in his pocket. It is impossible to say yet where Mr. Probert spent the time between May 24 and Saturday night, as the doctor, who states that he has had a severe shock, will not allow him to see strangers; but it has been ascertained, from pawn tickets in his possession, that he had been in Ireland as well as Manchester and other English provincial towns. It will be recollected that he had little if any money when he disappeared.

May Be in America.

Of Mr. William Melhuish, the other missing Londoner, no trace whatever has been found. The missing man's father is still helped by the police, pursuing his inquiries at Saltash and Devonport. Mr. Melhuish is the eldest of three sons, one of whom is in America, and it is thought possible that the young man may have taken a 42 trip to the States.

One clue which has been followed up by the police without result was given by a friend of the missing man, who stated that on Tuesday, May 31, he saw Mr. Melhuish at Catford.

It was on Monday, May 30, that he disappeared from Saltash, so that it was quite possible that he could have been in Catford on the following day.

GIRL MURDERED BY INSANE WOMAN.

VIENNA, Sunday.

A strange tragedy was enacted here this evening in a street abutting on the New Market. A young girl was stabbed in the breast and killed by a woman quite unknown to her. The murderer, whose name is Elizabeth Strasserer, and is aged twenty-six, appears to be insane.—Reuter.

A man charged at Aldershot yesterday with sleeping out had been found slumbering on the top of a wall ten feet high and only nine inches wide.

ROYAL "GARTER" FOR AUCTION.

Orders of the Late Duke of Cambridge on Sale at Christie's.

TWO TONS OF SILVER.

The sale of silver and silver-gilt plate of a total weight of two tons belonging to the late Duke of Cambridge drew a very fashionable crowd to Christie's Auction Rooms yesterday afternoon.

Princesses, Duchesses, and numerous titled dames of lesser degree, accompanied by their liege lords, walked about the rooms, examining the splendid collection of paintings, china, porcelain, snuff-boxes, and other objects of vertu collected by the Royal Duke, and King-street, St. James's, was lined with carriages.

The remainder of the silver plate will be sold to-day, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday will be devoted to the sale of old French furniture, miniatures, etc., and Saturday to the oil paintings. Sales commence each day at one o'clock.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the nine days' sale will be the auctioning of the decorations of the Order of the Garter belonging to Adolphus Frederick, the first Duke of Cambridge, and his son, the late Duke George.

A member of the firm of Messrs. Spink and Son, the famous medal and decoration valuers, said:— "It is very rarely that one hears of the Jewels, stars, or lesser Georges of the Order of the Garter being sold by public auction."

"The Collar, which is generally of gold enamel, and the 'George,' which may be enamelled or jewelled, has to be returned on the death of the wearer.

Brilliant Jewels.

"The Star of the Garter which is to be sold belonged to the Duke Adolphus, and is a magnificent piece of work, worth considerably over £1,000.

"The Garter, which is fastened round the leg, if made of enamelled gold, may be worth from £300 to £500; if set with jewels it may fetch any price." The "Star" to be sold consists of the Cross of St. George formed by eight rubies raised on a ground of brilliants, within the Garter of blue enamel with borders of fine old brilliants. The letters of the motto are in relief, set with diamonds, and the snap is of floral design with a pear-shaped brilliant in its centre, and the whole surrounded by forty rays of fine graduated brilliants, thus forming the Star.

The Lesser George of the Order of the Garter is also a very fine jewel.

It consists of a circular onyx cameo of St. George slaying the Dragon, by Caputi, within a circle of forty-three fine brilliants, and motto of open-work with letters set in small diamonds, surrounded by an outer circle of thirty-eight old brilliants, forming the garter with pear-shaped stone set in floral design.

In all there are over seventy decorations to be auctioned, including the jewelled star of St. Patrick and the gold Garter belonging to the late Duke. It is expected that there will be keen competition for the Stars.

JUNE FIRES THE FURZE.

Perfect Summer Weather In and Around London.

Yesterday was a perfect June day. The sun shone brilliantly for over nine hours. The temperature in the City at noon was 59 degrees in the shade, two less than at noon on Sunday.

City men walked about holding their hats in their hands trying to keep cool, but looking as if they were suffering from a temperature of at least 100 degrees in the shade.

Horse-bonnets were seen for the first time in the City yesterday.

The heat of the last few days has made the grass and furze on the commons very inflammable. Lighted matches carelessly thrown down caused fires late on Sunday night on both Tooting Common and Hampstead Heath. At both places large expanses of furze and undergrowth were destroyed.

The roof of the Ranelagh Club House, Lower Richmond-road, Putney, took fire through a spark from a chimney lighting on it. The roof was very dry, and would have been destroyed had the local firemen been less expeditious.

FOUND ON CLAPHAM COMMON.

Yesterday morning the body of a man, apparently engaged in the postal service, was discovered quite dead on the west side of Clapham Common.

The deceased was 5ft. 10in. in height, aged between thirty-five and forty years, dressed in a dark jacket and vest marked "G.P.O., 4-1902," and trousers and laced boots, and had Auburn hair and moustache.

In his pocket was a white handkerchief, marked "A. Fisher." The body was conveyed to the mortuary, pending an inquest by Mr. Troutbeck.

MARK TWAIN'S LOSS.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Clemens, His Ideal Wife.

Mrs. S. L. Clemens, wife of Mark Twain, passed away quite suddenly on Sunday evening while chatting with her husband from an attack of syncope. In his married life Mark Twain was absolutely happy, and when separated neither allowed a day to pass without writing at least one letter to the other.

The relations between Mrs. Clemens and her children have been immortalised in a fine passage written by Mark Twain himself.

"The mother of my children adores them, and they worship her; they even worship anything which the touch of her hand has made sacred.

They know her for the best and truest friend they ever had, or ever shall have; who never told them



Mrs. S. L. Clemens, the wife of "Mark Twain," died suddenly in Florence.

a lie, or the shadow of one, who never deceived them by even an ambiguous gesture; who never gave them an unreasonable command, nor ever contented herself with anything short of a perfect obedience.

"They know her for one whose promise, whether of reward or punishment, is gold, and always worth its face to the uttermost farthing.

"In a word, they know her, and I know her, for the best and dearest mother that lives—and by a long, long way the wisest."

Of the four children born of this happy marriage, only two are now alive. An only son died in infancy, and the eldest daughter but a few years ago, to the unspeakable grief of her parents.

A DYNAMITE PLOT.

American Station Wrecked and Sixteen Miners Killed.

New York, Monday.

A dynamite explosion occurred early this morning under the station platform at Independence, on the Florence and Cripple Creek Railway. Sixteen persons were killed, and nine seriously injured.

The railway officials are satisfied that the explosion was the result of a pre-conceived plot. The victims were non-union miners employed on the Findley property. They had just stopped work, and were waiting for the train to take them home.

It is believed that the charge of dynamite was arranged so that the incoming train should cause it to explode.—Reuter.

TEA TAX HITS LIPTON, LTD.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton presided at the ordinary general meeting of Lipton, Ltd., held yesterday at Winchester House. In moving the adoption of the report and accounts he remarked that the past year had been a most anxious one to nearly all large commercial undertakings. In many cases the results had been disappointing, particularly as regarded the tea trade, therefore it was all the more gratifying that they were able to show an improvement on last year's results.

In face of competition, which in some directions could scarcely be called legitimate, however indefensible such cutting of prices below cost price might be they would not hesitate to meet it, although regrettable from a business standpoint. Their net profit was £2,000 more than last year, and £5,000 more was placed to reserve. The increased tea duty was doubly unfortunate for them, having large interests as tea-growers as well as retailers.

The purchase of the poorer teas by the consumer would be a very serious matter for retailers like themselves, because, as it was, there was little or no profit on some of their better qualities, while on some lower-priced teas there would be an absolute loss. The motion for the adoption of the report was carried, declaring a final dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum.

BEAUTY AND CHARITY.

Ladies of Society Pose for the East End Poor.

Beautiful women representing beautiful pictures and poems appeared in the tableaux vivants at the Imperial Theatre yesterday afternoon in aid of the poor East End parish of Bromley-by-Bow.

As "Joan of Arc," clad in shining silver armour, with a helmet on her dark hair, and standing by a black horse, Lady Dickson-Poynder presented a very striking appearance, but the impressiveness of the picture was somewhat marred by the unexpected antics of the horse, which declined to stand still. His behaviour brought such merry smiles to the "warrior's" face that the curtain had to be rung down in a hurry.

The next picture, "Venus Looking Glass," revealed some of the loveliest women in London, gazing into the clear stream.

There was Lady Westmorland, looking lovely in deep orange-coloured draperies; Miss Muriel Wilson in green; and beautiful Miss Cicely Horner in dark purple.

Lady Marjorie Manners made a perfect "Queen Isabella of Spain" having her portrait painted by Velasquez, the last-named being portrayed by Mr. J. J. Shannon.

But perhaps the most striking picture of all was "Bedtime," arranged by Lady Henry Somerset, in which the poor children in the East End going to bed at midnight in all their poverty and misery; and the country children going to rest amid all the sweet sights and sounds and smells of the country, were effectively contrasted. Princess Le Ranzy, Pai sang "The Children of the City" while these were being shown.

The house was very full, among the audience being the Duke of Rutland and Lady Victoria Manners, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, Lady Muriel Bekwith, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Lytton, and Lady Granby (who arranged two of the most successful tableaux), Lady Bective, Lady Henry Bentinck, and many others.

M.P.'S REJECTED MOTOR-CAR.

Hon. Charles Rolls Sues Dr. Rutherford Harris.

The Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, the son of Lord Llangattock, who is well known as a motor-car expert and manufacturer, as well as being an enthusiastic aeronaut, brought an action before Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury in the King's Bench Division yesterday to recover from Dr. Rutherford Harris, M.P., £1,500, the price for which he alleged he undertook to sell him a 20-horse-power Panhard. In defence, Dr. Harris pleaded that the contract was not fulfilled.

Striking a Bargain.

A bargain was struck, the arrangements being that Mr. Rolls should take a 7-horse-power Panhard, allowing £400 for it, and supply Dr. Harris with a 20-horse-power Panhard, valued at £1,500. It was stipulated by Dr. Harris that a tonneau attachment similar to one possessed by a friend should be added.

Mr. Rolls alleged that the car was duly built. Mr. Lionel Rothschild borrowed it for half a day, as did Mr. J. E. B. and it was also occasionally run between Mr. Rolls's works at Lillie Hall and Earl's Court. Mr. Mayhew, the well-known expert, also took it to Boxhill to compete at some trials. The latter drove it on Mr. Rolls's behalf.

The test was for speed.

Asked "What did he win?" Mr. Rolls replied, "Something."

Was it a race?—Well, it was not racing like they call it on the Continent.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs (for Dr. Harris): No, no; it is not a race on the Continent—it is a holocaust!

The case was adjourned.

LACK OF £2 EMIGRANTS.

Passengers desiring to take advantage of the £2 rate across the Atlantic had better make haste and book their berths, lest they be too late.

The telegram from Buda Pesth stating that the Cunard Company had released the Hungarian Government from their annual guarantee of 30,000 emigrants for the American Line, has caused considerable excitement in shipping circles.

A well-known manager of one of the German lines said yesterday: "If this telegram means that the Cunard are going to withdraw their steamers from the Fiume-New York service, it will probably end the rate war."

"We do not wish to press the Cunard, but we have been forced to take action to protect our own interests."

"So far nothing has been received officially from the Continent on the subject."

"The bulk of the £2 traffic will be carried from London by the American Line, as they get on board their own steamers at Southampton."

"The emigration boom will soon cease," said the manager, "as the number of emigrants is nearly exhausted already."

The Exchange Telegraph Company states that a meeting of the Cabinet will be held at the Foreign Office to-morrow.

WAGNER'S LOVE LETTERS.

The Great Musician's Outpourings to the Only Woman He Ever Really Loved.

DOMESTIC DISCORDS.

The fascination of the love-letter written for other eyes is akin to the sweetness of stolen waters. The privacy and the intimacy of such documents make for us latter day vivisectioners of human emotions their chief charm.

In the letter of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonk, just published, the master shows himself, from a side, familiar perhaps to his intimate circle, but new to many who know Wagner only as the Titan whose brain conceived the "Götterdämmerung," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin."

"My Only Love."

Of Mathilde Wesendonk the master said:—

She is and remains my first and only love. They were the zenith of my life, those fearful, anxious, beautiful years, which I spent in the ever-growing enchantment of her nearness. . . . They hold all the sweetness of my life.

Mathilde Wesendonk's relation to the master may be very briefly explained.

Daughter of a worthy merchant of Elberfeld, she married at twenty Otto Wesendonk, partner in a great New York silk business. In 1851 the Wesendonks, with their three children, built a villa at Zurich on the Green Hill.

In Zurich they met the master at Marshal von Bieberstein's house. The acquaintance, founded on mutual musical enthusiasm, ripened into friendship, and in 1857 Wagner and Frau Minna, his first wife, came to live in a little house, The Refuge, close to the Wesendonk's villa.

His Spirit's Mate.

In Mathilde, young, delicately beautiful—"a white, unwritten letter," she calls herself—Wagner found his spirit's mate.

At Zurich Wagner lived more on the Green Hill than in The Refuge. Blissfully, peacefully, the days flowed by. Frau Minna Wagner struck the first discord.

That she should resent her husband's love for Mathilde was inevitable. She had never possessed his heart. She was sickly, fretful, and in music a Philistine.

There were scenes, opened letters, wild reproaches, and passionate recriminations.

He left The Refuge. He might not be with Mathilde; Minna's companionship was unendurable.

He became a wanderer. From Venice, Lucerne, Paris, Vienna he sent Mathilde letters, music, leaves from his diary.

"Accursed Art."

In one of his letters he says:

Who feels it more clearly than I that it is this accursed art which eternally gives me up to the torments of life and all the contradictions of existence? But for this strange gift, this so strong preponderance of the creative fantasy within me, I might follow the guidance of the heart—become a saint, and as saint I might say to thee, "Come, leave everything that lies there, burst the bonds of nature. . . . Save it!"

On All Hallows Eve at Venice I stood on the balcony and looked into the canal's black flood: the storm wind raged. My leap, my fall, would have been unheard. I should be free from torment if I sprang. . . . Could I—with my thoughts on thee—on thy children?

. . . Now I know that I am destined to die in thy arms. Now I know it! . . .

Her Husband's Friend.

His friendship with Mathilde's husband remained the warmest:

Many cordial greetings to Otto! Tell him that I love him! Fare well, my dear, noble child. Live peacefully, sincerely, and strengthen me thereby.

Till the master's death his best, his truest friends remained the Wesendonks. He married again. Bayreuth became an actuality. "We never missed the festival in Bayreuth," said Frau Wesendonk. How few of the music pilgrims gathered from Europe's ends guessed the secret story which now, less than two years after Mathilde's death, is set down in black and white for all the world to see.

FOREIGNERS FAVOURED AT CAPETOWN.

From a young Englishman at Capetown a letter has been received in which he gives a doleful picture of the condition of that town. He says:—"Things are very slack at present, as most of the positions are occupied by foreigners, while Britishers are having to leave the firms owned by foreigners in order to be placed by men of the same nationality as the owners."

"In a great many of the Government offices, where they are retrenching, and also in private firms, old British hands are being 'sacked' for no reason whatever, and cannot find a position to earn even three shillings per day, which does not pay for their clothing."

COINCIDENCES IN DIVORCE.

Two Unhappy Jack Tars Who Experienced Similar Matrimonial Troubles.

Yesterday was an unhappy day in the Divorce Court for a certain rating in the Royal Navy.

Two "ship's stewards," one of them a sick berth steward, had tales of matrimonial disaster to tell in cases that came together on the list.

By a further curious coincidence their tales were strikingly similar—in fact, coincidence was piled on coincidence.

The men's names were Ernest Richard Darby and Frederick Charles Hendy. Darby married his wife in 1901, Hendy in 1900.

After all too brief honeymoons both men had unexpectedly to go to sea on long cruises. Darby left within a month of his marriage, Hendy two days after it. Darby went to the Atlantic station, Hendy to the Pacific Ocean.

Both stewards had to stop away for three years, and both, when they came back, found that their lasses no longer loved sailors, and what was worse, had contracted illicit relationships with other men.

Two Wives' Confessions.

Both the faithless wives made confession by letter—pathetic confessions.

Mrs. Darby began: "Dear Ernle, I hardly know how to commence. I have painful news to communicate to you."

She then described how she had been upset by what she thought was an unkind reference in one of her husband's letters, and how she had felt unhappy because she could not dance at balls like "Bertha and Flo." She had to look on at the dancing, and at one ball she met a certain young man.

Then the letter concluded with woeful tragedy.

"Too Late to Mend."

Mrs. Hendy wrote:—"Dear Fred, I thought you knew everything. It must be dreadful for you to hear. You say that it is never too late to mend, but it is too late if you mean that I must leave Bob (a soldier). I can never love anybody else now. I could not live if anything happened to Bob. I can't write a lot of humbug, and it is just as well to be straightforward at once."

The President granted decrees nisi to both stewards.

"LITTLE ITALY" FUGITIVES.

Verdict of "Wilful Murder" Against Arrested Men.

Further details bearing on the arrest of the two Italians, Peretta and Iovino, who fled from this country after the murder of Paolino Amata, in Warner-street, Clerkenwell, a month ago, were given yesterday at the resumed inquest on the dead man.

Detective-inspector Dew said that Peretta and Iovino had been arrested in Genoa by the Italian police, but as they could not be extradited they would be tried there. The depositions taken at the inquest would be forwarded to Genoa.

Mrs. Cacavella, who had disappeared, and concerning whom the dispute had arisen, had been traced, the detective added, to a city on the coast, but at present they did not propose to arrest her.

One of the witnesses yesterday, Marie Castagnetta, stated that on the night of the murder Iovino came into the back court of her house at Mount Pleasant and washed his blood-stained hands in a tub. He then mounted a roof, ran along a roof, and disappeared.

Another witness, who had given evidence at the last hearing, said that since then he had been threatened. The coroner, addressing the numerous Italians in the court, remarked that if he discovered anyone doing such a thing he would pack him off to prison at once.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the men Peretta and Iovino, the coroner remarking that the crime was a characteristic one in that particular district.

SAFEGUARDED BY LOVE.

Meeting a man named Ricketts, whom he knew, Albert Milnstead, a bookmaker, living in Manor Park, produced a revolver and a bottle containing spirits of salts. He said: "There will be some trouble here to-night. . . . I am going to poison myself." He was also heard threatening to murder a young lady named Higgins. He was under the influence of drink at the time.

When charged at the Thames Court Milnstead adopted quite a different tone. The threat to murder was, he said, quite untrue. "I might have taken my own life," he concluded, "but I love the young woman too much to do her any harm." He was remanded.

A new play, entitled "The Sadducee and the Sinner," by Cyril Hallward, dealing with modern life, will be produced at the Kenington Theatre to-night.

SHOOTING PARTYS CHAGRIN.

Sequel to a Police Court Story of Poor "Bags" and Pheasants Released from a Hole.

A legal point of enormous interest to pheasants and others is in the course of being settled by Mr. Justice Lawrence and a special jury.

Put tersely it is this:—How many birds can the tenant of a shooting rented at £150 the season reasonably expect to bag when he brings eight other "guns" and thirty-three beaters to help him?

And, depending on this main point, are the subsidiary points—

1. Is a keeper justified in putting four pheasants in a hole and letting them fly by pulling a string when the nine "guns" and thirty-three beaters come along?

2. Is the tenant of the shooting justified in saying that the man who lets the shooting has given instructions to the keeper to do this; and, moreover, is the hirer justified in laying a criminal information against the latter?

These problems were, in an indirect way, submitted to the magistrates of Croydon some little time ago, when Mr. Bates, a retired builder, prosecuted Mr. Horace Laycock, a young estate agent, living at Tulse Hill, for deception. But owing to technical difficulties in the matter of evidence the case was not heard to a conclusion.

Sequel to a Prosecution.

Yesterday the High Court was asked to make a pronouncement—by Mr. Laycock this time. Mr. Laycock brought an action against Mr. Bates, claiming damages for libel and malicious prosecution at Croydon.

The situation of the shooting venue that has given rise to all this trouble was very breezily described by Mr. Duke, K.C., Mr. Laycock's counsel. It lies in pleasant Sussex, near Heathfield, and is a sort of woodland appurtenance to a farm known as the "Cade-street Estate."

Mr. Laycock's father was formerly tenant of the farm, and when the elder gentleman gave the

place a visit of anticipation, and "do not see a single pheasant or even a feather."

October 2, 1903.—Mr. Bates and five friends beat the hedgerows and bag—

Eight pheasants.
One partridge.
Twenty-four rabbits.

This bag was not included in the sporting statistics published in the papers having articles on the opening of the pheasant season.

October 30, 1903.—Mr. Bates, accompanied by eight friends and twelve beaters, goes to Heathfield. They bag:—

Two pheasants.
Seven rabbits.
One pigeon.

They only "see" four pheasants, but on this occasion, owing to Mr. Laycock, Mr. Bates consoled his twelve beaters by informing them of "a big shoot," at which their services will be required, that is coming on at Croydon.

The Croydon "Big Shoot."

November 6, 1903.—The Croydon "big shoot" comes off. Mr. Bates attempts to make Mr. Laycock the game. He declares that not only has Mr. Laycock told his keeper to pull a string and let four pheasants fly out of a hole, but that he, Mr. Laycock, has also made unsuccessful attempts to obtain pheasants on credit for the keeper to let fly.

November 27, 1903.—Mr. Bates pays another visit to the shooting. He brings with him eight "guns" besides himself, and to give the pheasants a fair show, no less than thirty-three beaters. The bag is:—

Three pheasants.
Nine rabbits.
One guinea fowl.

In commenting on this diary in the witness-box, Mr. Laycock gave it as his opinion that the smallness of the "bags" was in a large measure due

You can begin our thrilling new serial story, "The Premier's Daughter," by Alice and Claude Askew, to-day. See page 11.

farm up Mr. Laycock retained the shooting rights, paying £235 a year for them.

After shooting through the woods himself for a season or so, and taking steps to see that the tenants thereon received every encouragement to multiply, he determined to let the sporting rights, and, quite in good faith, told Mr. Bates through a mutual friend that the woods, where the shooting lay, were 600 acres in extent, and that there were 600 pheasants therein, or one pheasant per acre.

The hiring price agreed upon was £150 for the season, of which Mr. Bates paid £100 down.

But he refused to pay the extra £50, and brought the action at Croydon instead.

Fellow-Sportsmen Demur.

The following is a chronological scheme of Mr. Bates' sporting experiences on the Cade-street estate (and at Croydon) compiled from statements made in court yesterday by Mr. Duke, K.C., and Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., who represented Mr. Bates.

August 15, 1903 (Circs).—Three friends of Mr. Bates inspect the shooting, and the three friends decline to "go shares" with him in taking it. He had expected them to take shares.

September 18, 1903.—Mr. Bates and three friends

to the fact that the numerous pheasants had too much cover; the leaves were still thick on the undergrowth. Moreover, the beaters beat not wisely but too well, and drove the pheasants on to the neighbouring estates.

Mr. Laycock was then invited by Mr. Marshall Hall to say why it was that when Mr. Bates was grumbling he himself was seeking to buy live pheasants from dealers in that commodity. Was this an attempt to make up the 600?

All that was left of the 600—if such had ever existed—suggested Mr. Hall, was a very negligible quantity, after Mr. Laycock and his friends had "skinned" the place the previous season.

To this insinuation Mr. Laycock replied that he was trying to get young birds to be kept in coops for the benefit of the 1904 tenant.

Regrettable Incident.

Although it was true, Mr. Laycock added, that the gamekeeper had let four birds fly out of a hole, it was not by his (Mr. Laycock's) instructions. He regretted the incident as unparliamentary, though not more so than "driving." He also regretted that the gamekeeper, on his own responsibility, had in former years let birds out of sacks.

The case will be resumed to-day.

PROSECUTION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Epsom magistrates resumed their hearing yesterday of the charges in connection with the L.C.C. asylum scandal at Horton. Since the last adjournment a fourth prisoner—Alexander John Ross, a storekeeper at the institution—had been arrested, and was now brought up with the others.—Charles Edward Morant, a stores clerk; Maurice Clark, butcher at the Asylum; and Thomas Wilds, carman to a local contractor. The men are charged with conspiracy and larceny.

Mr. George Elliott, for the L.C.C., said he proposed to call William Morris, who, since the last adjournment, had been discharged from the asylum, and was competent to give evidence. He had also intended to call a patient named Henry Westmacott, but early that morning the latter had shown signs of a relapse which, in the opinion of the medical superintendent, would make him unreliable as a witness—at all events for the present.

Morris was called and closely cross-examined on behalf of Clark. This led Mr. Elliott to observe that if the witness were subjected to an attack so soon after his discharge he was very liable to a breakdown.

Replying to further questions, Morris said he liked Ross, who was a decent sort of chap. All the prisoners were committed for trial.

LADY DOCTOR'S BLUNDER.

Jury's Reluctance to Award Damages Against Her.

There was a curious termination yesterday to the action brought before Mr. Justice Bruce and a special jury in the King's Bench Division by Mrs. Ellen Byrne, a Brighton housekeeper, to recover damages from Miss Mary Thorne, a London lady doctor, for negligence in the performance of an operation. A large medical sponge was left in the patient's body, and a second operation became necessary.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at one farthing, but the Judge asked them to reconsider their verdict, and after lengthy deliberation, they ultimately decided to grant Mrs. Byrne damages amounting to £25.

Mr. Justice Byrne, in summing up, said there was no doubt that Miss Thorne was a very skillful surgeon, but the question was, not as to her skill, but whether she had been guilty of want of reasonable care.

The questions for the jury to answer were:

1. Was the defendant guilty of want of due and reasonable care in respect of the counting or superintending the counting of the sponges?

2. Was Mrs. Palmer (the nurse) employed by the defendant to act as her assistant during the operation?

3. Was Mrs. Palmer guilty of negligence in counting the sponges?

4. Was the counting of the sponges a vital part of the operation, which the defendant undertook to see properly performed?

5. Was Mrs. Palmer under the control of the defendant during the operation?

When the jury announced their decision to grant Mrs. Byrne only a farthing, his Lordship pointed out that this was inconsistent with the findings on the other questions.

The jury, after considering the question for some time, said that they were of opinion that it was not a case in which to award damages, as Miss Thorne had performed the operation without fee. However, after further reconsideration, at the request of the Judge, they agreed to award the £25, and judgment was entered for Mrs. Byrne for this amount, with costs.

DETECTIVES IN SOCIETY.

Special Features Advertised by a Rival Agency to Slater's.

Another hearing of the conspiracy charges in connection with the Pollard divorce suit, brought against Henry Scott, otherwise Slater; Henry, the manager of the detective agency; Albert Osborn, solicitor to Mrs. Pollard; and three of Slater's detectives, was devoted yesterday at Bow-street to the further cross-examination of Edgar Cartwright, formerly cashier at the agency.

Mr. Muir, who is defending Slater, questioned the witness about the rival detective business which was formed by him and two other ex-employees of Slater's, under the title of Simmonds's Agency.

Referring to the terms of a circular which was issued by them, counsel asked whether they were going to undersell Slater's.

"No," the witness replied: "when people went to Slater's they were told that the terms would be a guinea a day, but when they came to settle their bills they found sometimes that it was nine or ten guineas a day."

It was true, he added, that, as stated on a card which accompanied the circulars, they made slander cases a speciality, and had been very successful. It was also the case that the agency had representatives in the highest society, and it would not take long to have agents in every town in the world. The agency also advertised that they had ladies who would personate any character in life.

Question of a Child's Adoption.

Cartwright was also cross-examined by Mr. Gill, K.C., who appears for Osborn.

In May, 1903, were you entrusted with £500 to pay to a person for adopting a child?" he asked.

Cartwright: I decline to say. Did you on receiving £500 for that purpose pay Stephens (the third member of Simmonds's Agency) £50, Simmonds £50, and retain £400 yourself?—I decline to answer.

Baby-farming is no part of the business of Simmonds and Co.—No. This was a private matter not connected with the business.

Do you know a woman named Collins, sister of a Mr. Cook in your employ?—I decline to answer.

After receiving £500 with respect to a child, did you hand the child over to Cook's sister?—It is a personal matter, and I decline to answer.

Questioning Cartwright with reference to the proceedings brought by the King's Proctor, Mr. Gill asked: "Did you tell Stephens that your wildest dream was the conviction of Slater, and then to have no opposition to your business?"

Cartwright: I don't remember ever having said that.

After this witness had been re-examined by Mr. Mathews, for the Treasury, the case was again adjourned.

FOR ROBBERING A PRINCE.

Prince Alexander of Teck's two suits were produced at Aldershot Police Court yesterday when Private Tappin was committed for trial charged with stealing them after breaking into the Royal Pavilion.

A pawnbroker's assistant from Thompson and Son, of Chalk Farm-road, said he accepted one suit in pledge for 3s., and the police, to whom Tappin had confessed his guilt, said he was arrested in bed at one o'clock in the morning, and the other suit was in his room.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

Lady Audrey Buller continues to make satisfactory progress towards convalescence.

Top hats are supplied to six elderly, well-behaved paupers in the Bermondsey Workhouse at the cost of 7s. each.

Admission will be free to the performance of Dr. Elgar's "Apostles," which will be given in York Minster on June 29, as the whole cost is being borne by a Yorkshire musical enthusiast.

MISSING POLICEMAN FOUND DROWNED.

The body of Sergeant Frederick Hale, of the Gloucester police force, who has been missing from his home for about a week, was found yesterday by some policemen who were dragging the Gloucester Ship Canal for it.

The remains were conveyed to the mortuary to await an inquest.

WINIFRED EMERY AGAIN ILL.

Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) underwent another severe operation yesterday, which was quite successful.

She is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected.

KING AND QUEEN IN GOOGLES.

When the King and Queen drove in their covered motor-car from Buckingham Palace to Coombe Court, the house of Earl de Grey, the front of the car was open, and both the royal occupants had motorists' goggles.

The Queen wore a fawn tint cloak, and hat to match, the King's headgear being a tweed motoring cap.

SUFFOCATED ON A SMACK.

A fatal fire occurred yesterday morning in Rams-gate harbour on board the fishing vessel A.J.W. William Sinclair, one of the crew, was suffocated, and another, named Frank Board, lies in the hospital seriously injured.

The police discovered the fire while the men were asleep, and valuable assistance was rendered in getting it under control by the crew of a vessel lying near by.

STARTLED THE LANDLORD.

John Brennan, a Blackley labourer, went into the Lion and Lamb Inn, and told Mr. and Mrs. Warner, the tenants, to clear out in ten minutes or pay him £200.

He then struck the landlord a blow on the eye and knocked Mrs. Warner down. Three men seized Brennan and held him on the floor until the police took him into custody.

He has been remanded.

DETECTIVE WATCHED BETTING.

"While I was on the premises I saw several bets made, and actually seized money and betting slips while the bets were being made," remarked Inspector Drew at a thorough-street yesterday.

He was giving evidence about the raiding of the house in Prince's-court, Whitcomb-street, where nearly 400 betting slips were found.

Isaac Hyams, a commission agent, and Harry Sharp, a news-vendor, were remanded on a charge of managing the place. Twenty-three "frequenters" were bound over not to "haunt" gaming-houses in the future.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Father Bernard Vaughan has had an almost miraculous escape from death. He was bicycling through Hyde Park, and at Grosvenor Gate was run into by a refractory pair in a victoria and knocked over. The carriage went right over him, and the off-side horse got a leg into the bicycle spokes and dangled the machine to fragments.

The crowd expected to see the Father carried off dead, but in some extraordinary manner he came out under the back of the victoria unhurt and walked home.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per day for the convenience of holiday-makers.

Mr. George Edwards is now in Paris, sampling French musical plays.

At a lodging-house in Norwich a man named Allen, aged sixty, fell dead during a fight resulting from a quarrel with a younger man, who attempted to escape, but was arrested.

The Hippodrome has just been entirely up-hoistered and recarpeted. Over fifty workmen did the job between the end of the night's performance and the beginning of the next day's matinee.

Miss Griffiths, of Cardiff, was very angry with a gentleman who wrenched her hat from her head, but when she discovered that it had been set on fire through a passenger throwing a lighted match from a bus her anger turned to gratitude.

CHILD'S FATAL PLAYTHINGS.

At Grimsby John Middleton, the two and a half year old son of a labourer, climbed out of his cot, obtained a box of matches, and commenced striking them. He set his clothing alight, and was so badly burnt that he died in a few hours.

MINISTER'S SUDDEN DEATH.

The Rev. James McDonald, Congregational minister of Barking, went to Poplar last Friday to visit a young lady to whom he was about to be married. On returning home he was taken ill and died.

It was stated at the inquest yesterday that death was due to angina pectoris.

KILLED BY HIS HORSE.

James Smith was selling a horse which was fastened by a halter to a cartwheel on the Epsom racecourse, and while giving an exhibition of its good temper by twisting its tail, the animal lashed out with its hind legs and kicked Smith.

He was removed to the Grosvenor Hospital, where he died on Saturday. At the inquest a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

ROBINS' NEST ON A BOOKSHELF.

"A pair of robins have built this year in my dressing-room (the window of which was left open night and day), on a bookshelf, on the top of some old books, and have laid six eggs," says the Rev. C. Thornehill, of Salop, in a letter to the "Field."

"We removed the nest once when it was about half finished, and put the remains on the window-sill of the room, but they were all replaced, and the nest completed within twenty-four hours."

HOUSE FALLING DOWN.

One of the most startling of recent Cheshire salt subsidences occurred at a grocer's shop in Winton-street, Northwich, yesterday. Gradual sinkage has for some time been apparent, but yesterday morning a portion of the base of the gable fell, followed by further crashes of brickwork.

The occupants beat a hasty retreat, and the fissure eventually extended from the shop to the bedroom, in which people had slept during the night, almost the entire side of the house being exposed.

18,000 ROSES FROM ONE TREE.

There is in the gardens of Mr. Armstrong, at Benwell, a remarkable rose tree. It is a Niphetos tea-rose, and was, says the "County Gentleman," planted eighteen years ago from a pin, put into a prepared border. At present it covers an area of 1,300 square feet.

Last year, in spite of the lack of sun, 16,000 blossoms were gathered from this tree. This year more than 4,800 have already been gathered, and it is thought that the number will be about 18,000.

RICH LADY'S DRUNKENNESS.

Having been repeatedly dealt with for drunkenness, Mrs. Ellen Clarkson, a lady possessing large means, who lives in Clapham, had for a time been detained in Lady Henry Somerset's voluntary home for inebriates. At the South-Western Police Court yesterday the question arose as to whether she should not be detained compulsorily.

Witnesses were called who stated she was very violent when intoxicated, and one witness stated she got in that condition six times a week.

Defendant was stated to be perfectly willing to surrender herself to the discipline of a voluntary home. The magistrate, however, thought she should be detained compulsorily, and remanded her for the necessary arrangements to be made.

BOMBARDED THE POLICE.

When police officers followed Albert Stanway, of Buxton, because he had been driving a cart without a light, the youth took refuge in a loft, drew the ladder up, and defied them to dislodge him. He started bombarding them through the skylight with bottles, pieces of iron, and wood blocks, and a broken bottle cut through an officer's boot.

He was finally arrested, but escaped with a fine of 20s. and costs.

Not a single death occurred in the borough of King's Lynn during last week.

Through tumbling into an unprotected drain the year old baby of Mrs. Ireland, of Cinderford, was asphyxiated by sewer gas.

Peter White, sentenced to one day's imprisonment for taking a quarter of run into Newington Workhouse, pleaded that he did it for his stomach's sake.

DEAD AT HIS BENEFIT MATCH.

While a cricket match between Sheepsar and Otley—arranged for the benefit of an old cricketer, Mr. Joseph Burnell—was in progress, the funeral procession of Mr. Burnell passed the field.

He had been in failing health for some time, and the Otley Club arranged this match for his benefit. The money will be given to his widow.

HAS NOT WORKED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Two confirmed beggars have been dealt with by the Halifax magistrates, one of whom told the constable that he would rather be in prison than in the workhouse, and the other that he had not worked for twenty years. They were each committed for fourteen days.

BROTHER ROBS BROTHER.

Jenkin David, a collier, was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment at Bridgend for stealing a horse valued at £35 from his brother's stable.

At the same time he was sentenced to another fourteen days for stealing a saddle and bridle from the house of a neighbouring farmer.

SHOT HIS LAUGHING WIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. George Yates, of Whitefield, called at a friend's, Mr. Wright Marsh. Marsh took the couple through his gardens, and left Mr. and Mrs. Yates together in a greenhouse.

He heard Mrs. Yates laughing heartily, and almost simultaneously a gun went off. Yates cried out: "Good God, what have I done?" The physician had picked up an old gun, which had gone off, and Mrs. Yates had been killed. The trigger-shot, with which the gun was loaded, had entered her mouth, and must have reached the brain, for death was instantaneous.

KNELT TO DIE.

The body of Thomas Harwood, of Oldham, was found by a platelayer kneeling by the railway line, his head having been cut off by a passing train.

A few days ago he wrote:—"Dear Children—This is my forty-sixth birthday. It has been the most miserable I have experienced. I have had twelve months' misery, and I will stand it no longer."

The letter went on to say that he had indulged in extravagance, and counselled his children to avoid all excess and be moderate in all their actions, and sober and honest.

A verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane was returned at the inquest.

IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

Yesterday afternoon Earl Roberts unveiled a memorial tablet which has been erected in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, G.C.B. A large number of the late Field-Marshal's relatives and friends were present, including Lady Donald Stewart and Major Murray, representing H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

After the religious ceremony Lord Roberts unveiled the tablet. His lordship said that they were proud to do honour to the memory of a true soldier and a true gentleman, and a dear and valued friend, whose death had been an irreparable loss to his country and to those who had the privilege of being acquainted with him in private life.

He much doubted if any officer of the Indian Army was ever more respected, more looked up to, or more implicitly believed in, than Donald Stewart, and he thought his character was very successfully set forth on the tablet in the words: "A successful general, a wise administrator, a high-minded and conscientious public servant."

"THE BURGLARS' TERROR" RETIRES.

After twenty-six years' service in the Metropolitan Police Force, Detective-Sergeant Wright retired yesterday on a pension of £91 13s. per annum.

During his service he has received about one hundred rewards from Judges, coroners, magistrates, and the Commissioner. He was known as "the Burglars' Terror."

Wright and another officer were once in a quiet room at Edmonton when they observed two men loitering. The two officers decided to search them, and whilst Wright was doing this one of the men named Fowler, who was afterwards hanged for his share in the Maxwell Hill murder, drew a revolver, fully loaded, and pointed it at the other officer's head. He was disarmed after a severe struggle, and for this arrest Wright was most highly commended.

Dulness Still a Prevailing Feature of the Markets.

A very idle and uninteresting day on the Stock Exchange was partly explained by the nearness of the Settlement, for to-day is the general mining carry-over day, and to-morrow the general fortnightly settlement commences. The bankers in Lombard-street were talking of easing conditions in the money market, and the Paris demand for gold has slackened considerably. These influences, of course, helped Consols, though the knowledge that the Sierra Leone loan had been subscribed four times was no small influence in itself.

In the Home Railway section the gilt-edged firmness for once in a way did not help the lending investment stocks. But the passenger stocks were cheered up by fine weather conditions, and the market is beginning to discuss dividends.

In Americans the long spell of stagnation was broken by a rise in Erie and Ontario, attributed by some to the good Reading statement promising well for the cooler roads. It is announced that the Canadian Pacific will visit the Ontario road, in order to obtain a New York entry.

Canadian Rails did not show much movement, Grand Trunk being dull. State speculators were somewhat inclined to get out of Argentine Rails as the settlement drew near, but there was a rallying tendency at the finish for both these and Mexican Rails, and a little firmer tendency for some of the Venezuelan descriptions.

South American bonds were nearly all dull, for no assignable reason. But the market continued to support Japanese descriptions, and Russians were unaffected by the new loan talk, though the market still believes in the official repudiations.

Mr. Gerald Balfour's statement that the Government would not abandon the Dock Bill helped Dock securities. Nelsons rallied rather sharply, but Liptons were not helped by the news.

In Kafirs the close was fairly firm, after being dull, but with very little in the way of business. In Australians dealers were still putting up the prices of some of the rubbishish shares.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 3½ pc.	90½	90½	"Pacific" 112½	119
"Do Account."	90½	90½	Westerloot 112½	119
India 3½ pc.	90½	90½	"Mexican Iron"	79½ 80½
"London & C. 3½ pc.	90½	90½	Do Ord.	128 128½
Nat. War Loan 100	90½	90½	South African 128	128½
Transvaal Loan 98½	90½	90½	Do Def.	83 86
Argentine 1886 103½	103½	103½	Canadian Pacific 120½	121
Do Fundg.	103½	103½	Do 1st Pref.	101½ 102½
Brazilian 3½ pc 1889 75	75	75	Do 2nd "	85½ 86½
Do W. of Min.	94½	94½	Do 3rd "	84½ 85½
Chili 1888	85	87	Nitrato Ord.	74 74½
Chinese 3½ pc 1890 107½	107½	107½	Do 4th "	74 74½
Egyptian Unified 100	100	100	Aerated Bread	82 84
Japan 5½ pc 1890 102½	102½	102½	Allsopp Ord.	37½ 38½
"Isap 5½ pc 1890 86	86	86	Do 2nd "	86½ 87½
Do 4½ pc	86	86	Do 3rd "	86½ 87½
Per. Debs.	89½	89½	Hudson Bay	392 404
Do Pref.	24½	24½	Lin. Gen. Ord.	116 119
Portuguese	44½	44½	Do 2nd "	116 119
Russian 4½ pc 1889 89	89	89	Do 3rd "	116 119
Spanish 4½ pc (Sd) 84	84	84	L. & L. D. Def. Ord.	82½ 83½
Turkish 4½ pc Un'd.	82	82	Nelson's	170 176
Uruguay 3½ pc	64½	64½	Rossmore Auto.	151 161
Brighton Def.	122½	122½	Vickers, Maxim.	144 144½
Caledonian Def.	312	312	"Welsbach Ord."	1 2
Central London.	93	93	"Angle-Gr. Fr."	38 39
Chatham Ord.	161	161	Asanti G. P.	24½ 25½
Do Pref.	98	98	Assoc. Col. Ord.	1 1½
Do 2nd Pref.	98	98	Barnato Cons.	212 212½
Great Eastern	102	102	Champ. Reef.	24½ 25½
Gr. Northern Def.	41½	41½	City & Sub.	60 60½
Gr. Western & S.	141	141	Chartered Co.	30½ 31½
Metropolitan	97½	97½	Crown Reef.	14 14½
District	84	84	De Beers Def.	191 191½
Midland Pref.	70	70	East Ind. Co.	718 718½
Do Def.	69	69	E. Rand. M. Est.	41 48
Northern British Def.	141	141	Geduld	65½ 66½
North Eastern	141½	141½	Gold Coast Amt.	21 21½
North Western	153½	153½	Gold's Horsehoe	71 71½
South East'n Def.	563	563	Gold's Horsehoe	71 71½
South West. Def.	563	563	Do Prop.	27½ 28½
Do Ord.	163	163	Gr. Fingall 10	8½ 8½½
Atchison	702	702	Island	100 100½
Baltimore	80	80	Knights	34 34½
Chesapeake	90	90	Lake View Cons.	1 1½
C. Mil. & S. Pl.	143½	143½	May Consolidated	4 4½
Denver	194	194	Meyer & Charl.	51 51½
Illinois Shares	24	24	Moeterson Auto.	151 161
Do Pref.	584	584	Mysore Gold	65 65½
Illinois Cent.	122½	122½	Nile Valley	150 150½
L'ville and N'ville 100	100	100	N. Copper	35 35½
Missouri	101	101	Nundyrudg	112 112½
Ontario	365	365	Oreogro	112 112½
"Norfolk Cons."	558	558	Oroya B'whills 324	324
Pennsylvania	558	558	Primrose (New)	324 324½
Reading	204	204	Rossmore Auto.	151 161
Southern Ord.	201	201	Rio Tinto	511 511½
Southern Pacific	469	469	Rand Mines	107½ 107½½
Union Pacific	584	584	Santa Fe	107½ 107½½
U.S. Steel Ord.	94	94	Trans. Devel.	11 11½
Do Pref.	64	64	Wahli	32 32½
Wabash Pref.	84	84	Wassau	32 32½
B.A. G. South'n 132	132	132	Welgedacht	71 71½
			Zambesi Explor.	144 144½

* Ex div. † Ex rights.

ALLEGED MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

At Birmingham yesterday John Markham, a butcher, was remanded on a charge of having murderously assaulted a meat inspector named Hothersall, who is not expected to survive his injuries.

It was alleged that Hothersall went to the prisoner's shop and seized some unsound meat. He then went into the kitchen to make notes. As he leaned over the table Markham approached him from behind with a long butcher's knife and dealt Hothersall a terrible blow on the back of his neck.

The assailant's brother-in-law instantly closed with him, seizing him by the throat, and the inspector's assistant rushed to his help. Markham made several lunges at the latter with the knife, but was at length overpowered.

NOTICES TO READERS.

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LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taibout.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 20s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1904.

"WIVES OF GREAT MEN
ALL REMIND US—"

When a man expresses deep emotion, either in music or poetry, either with the sculptor's tool or with the painter's brush, it stands to reason he must have felt that emotion before he learnt to communicate it to others. Seeing, therefore, that Richard Wagner has written the most passionate love-music in the world, it is only natural we should want to know something about his own love affairs.

Whence did he draw his inspiration? Who was the woman who touched that chord in his nature which we hear thrilling through the "Walküre" and through "Tristan and Isolde"? The answer to these questions can be found in the book just published in Germany, from which we give extracts on another page.

Wagner was twice married, yet it was not to either of his wives that he addressed these burning love-letters. In fact, we tumble here upon one of those dramas of existence—tragedies or comedies you may call them, according to your view of life—which lend so much point to Pope's saying that "the proper study of Mankind is Man."

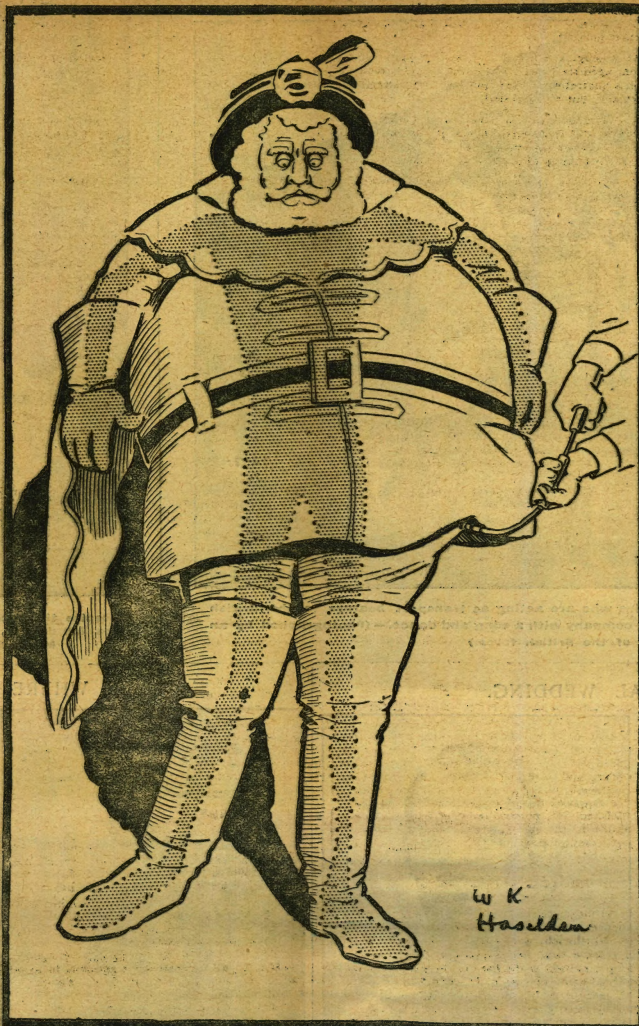
Why was not Wagner moved to write great music by devotion to his wife? One might as well inquire why Shakespeare did not dedicate his sonnets to Mrs. Shakespeare, or why Nelson preferred Lady Hamilton to his lawful spouse.

The very fact that there was a great gulf fixed between Richard and Matilda made his love for her not only all the deeper but all the more lasting. It is the Unattainable that stirs the imagination of the artist. How hard it is for him to combine his ideal with the form of the lady who sits opposite to him at breakfast every morning! He has a true affection for her, no doubt. He respects her and is grateful to her (if the bacon is not burnt). But he does not write her poetry or compose fervent love duets because her image is always before his eyes.

Fortunately for the average wife the average husband has no ideal. He leaves that to possessors of the artistic temperament, for the most part a race of people who are "gay ill to live with." They enrich the world with gems of thought and song, but the process is often not a pleasant one for those close to them.

That President Roosevelt (as was reported yesterday) would like to visit England we have no doubt. We are equally certain that he would have the gladdest of glad hands extended to him here. But we fear very much that the chances of his coming over in the midst of a Presidential election campaign are not great. Furthermore, there is not a clause in the U.S. Constitution which forbids a President to leave the country during his term of office? If our recollection is correct, then we shall have to wait a long time before we can welcome Mr. Roosevelt in the old country, for every day seems to make his re-election more of a "cert." than ever.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PADDING.



Last night Mr. Tree revived "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and appeared once again as Falstaff. Our artist has endeavoured to show how it is done.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THE BOOM IN BANANAS.

Is This Fruit Wholesome to Eat in Large Quantities, or Should People Be Content with a Banana Every Now and Then?

ANSWERED BY A DOCTOR.

Bananas suit most people very well. If your digestion cannot do with them, it will let you know the fact quickly enough. When they are really ripe, they can be eaten ad lib. without harm. But in this country they are nearly always eaten before they are ripe. The skin should be flecked with black, and the flesh should melt in the mouth. Then they are delicious, especially in hot weather, and two or three at breakfast or lunch, or one after dinner, will not hurt anybody with reasonably strong digestive powers.

THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A Sweater's Slave in Beihnal-green.

As likely as not she is the sole support of several children. Granted that this is so, let us see how she fares. She has one room. Her total week's earnings, assuming that trade is brisk, and that she does not rest on the Sabbath, amount to nearly 8s. As she disburses out of this sum 4s. weekly for her landlady, she has about 4s. left to procure food and fuel. The members of this family—a typical one—subsist mainly on bread. As a great treat—the extravagance is too reckless to be permitted often—they may now and again have a bloater or half a bloater apiece. Butcher's meat never passes their lips.—"Casell's Journal" for June.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Everybody who has ever seen Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) and his wife together will realise what a terrible loss the American humorist has sustained by her death. They were inseparable companions; bound together of late years by common misfortune and a great sorrow. Ten years ago Mr. Clemens invested all his savings, a large sum, in a publishing house in New York. Any business man would have advised him against the action, but he took his own advice, and lived to regret it.

The business failed, and he had at the age of fifty to begin all over again. To crown his misfortunes he lost his eldest daughter, who died of typhoid in Berlin. Mrs. Clemens never recovered from the shock, but nevertheless she bravely accompanied her husband on a lecturing tour through South Africa and the Antipodes, by means of which Mr. Clemens made another fortune, and paid every penny of his debts.

She was a singularly charming old lady, who was devotedly loved by her husband and children, and she was the only person of whom "Mark Twain" never spoke with anything but the highest reverence.

Sir Donald Stewart was one of Lord Roberts's oldest friends and brother-officers, so it was only natural that "Bobs" should show his feelings as he did when he unveiled the Stewart Memorial Tablet in St. Paul's yesterday. Once in India they were within an ace of meeting their deaths together, not in battle, but through the effects of a hurricane. They had arranged to go to the opera in Calcutta with their wives, but decided that, if they started the wind would probably blow their carriage over! It was just as well, for the opera-house had its roof blown in during the performance, and little of the building was left.

While Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's play was being produced last night, her brother-in-law, General Sir Neville Lyttelton, was being entertained by the commanding officers of Volunteers, and having all sorts of compliments paid him, every one of them deserved. In sober truth, he is the kind of man whom you could not praise too highly. His capability as a soldier, his personal bravery, his modesty, are all too well known to be talked about. As for his manners, in spite of his gruff voice, they are found delightful by everybody—from duchesses to doorkeepers. When he was at the War Office the guardians of the gate always used to salute him twice, "once because we 'as to' (so one of them explained), and 'o'other time because he's a gentleman and always acknowledges."

Miss Viola Tree's first appearance upon the London stage this afternoon is looked forward to with great interest, and the Fresh Air Fund, for whose benefit the performance has been arranged, should reap a substantial harvest. When she made her first appearance in Glasgow last March in the part of Viola, which she will play to-day, she won golden opinions, and at the close of the performance Mr. Beerbohm Tree led his daughter forward and thanked the audience for their kindness to "my girl." He was all the more pleased because she is such a good advertisement for his School of Acting—she was his first pupil.

The Earl of Suffolk, who will be seen on the stage of the Court Theatre to-night, is quite a different kind of young man from Lord Yarmouth or Lord Anglesea, the other two peers who have made themselves notorious as amateur actors. He is twenty-seven, athletic, devoted to sport, mainly in appearance, and of pleasant, unadorned manners. He caught the theatrical fever at Simla, but the attack is not dangerous, and he is expected to get over it quite safely.

Lord Suffolk's father, the eighteenth Earl, was at one time known as the Turf as one of the "Romeo lords." The other two were Lord Courtenay and Lord Howard (now the Earl of Effingham), and they gained this nickname by their luck with a horse called Romeo. Whenever they had been hard hit they used to run him and bet heavily upon him. Such a spirited animal was he that he almost always rewarded their confidence. When he died the "Romeo lords" had to give up racing altogether.

Coombe Court, where the King and Queen dined on Sunday night with Lord and Lady De Grey, is one of the most delightful old-fashioned country houses near London. It is within easy motoring distance from Covent Garden Opera House, and Lady De Grey, whose devotion to the opera is so well known, generally drives home thence by motor at midnight. Both Lord and Lady De Grey are passionately fond of music. In the case of the former, who is considered to be the finest shot in the world, the combination of sport with music is certainly unusual. The mighty hunter does not generally affect the gentler arts. But Lord De Grey, who was trained by Jean de Reszke, has a tender voice of singular power and beauty. He would have made a fortune as a professional—De Reszke has said so himself.

When the Y.M.C.A. was started on June 6, 1844, it had twelve members, and its weekly expenditure amounted to half-a-crown. Now it owns buildings valued at over a million sterling, and has a membership well over 500,000. No wonder the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee last night was an occasion for congratulations all round. Even Sir George Williams, who is the most hopeful man in the world, could hardly have looked forward sixty years ago to such an enormous growth as this.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Mrs. Younger: How do you give your little boy his health food?

Mr. Oldhand: Oh, I put it on the mantel-piece and tell him not to touch it.—"Puck," New York.

The Height of Realism.

Scene Painter: When you write your next story try to work in a little puff for me.

Press Agent: All right. I'll make the star sprain her ankle by slipping on one of the rocks you painted.—"Judge," New York.

The Next Best Thing.

"Women are pushing in everywhere."

"They are so. I got the sack last week to make room for one."

"Poor chap! What are you doing now?"

"Trying to persuade her to marry me."

—"Kladderatsch," Berlin.

Disastrous Speech.

First Cossack: How came you to lose that fight? You had 'em outnumbered.

Second Cossack: That's true; but the General insisted on making a speech, and while he was saying "We conquer to-day, or to-night Mollody-karup Knockananystifski is a widow," the Japs came up and licked us.—"Puck," New York.

A Free Translation.

"Canst thou, then, minister to a mind diseased?" casually inquired the eminent exponent of the drama, while the spot-light sputtered radiantly.

"Wat's dat guy gittin' 't'row him?" inquired One-eyed of Lumpy Lou, his companion in the gallery.

"He means, 'Have yer got any dope fer a bug-house guy?'" was the lucid explanation of the gentleman addressed.—"Judge," New York.

ON THE ROAD TO LHASSA.



A Sunday morning rest among the coolies who are acting as transport bearers to the British Mission in Tibet. A Tibetan amuses the company with a song and dance.—(Photographed by an officer of the British force.)

LA TORTAJADA IN LONDON AGAIN.

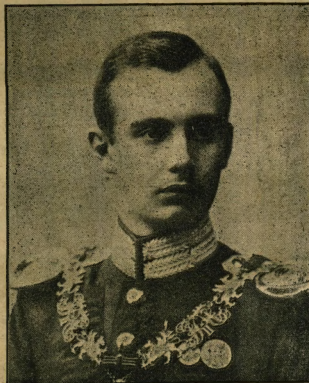


Despite the recent reports of her death, La Tortajada, the Spanish dancer, commenced a six weeks' engagement at the Music Hall last night.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

TO-DAY'S ROYAL WEDDING.



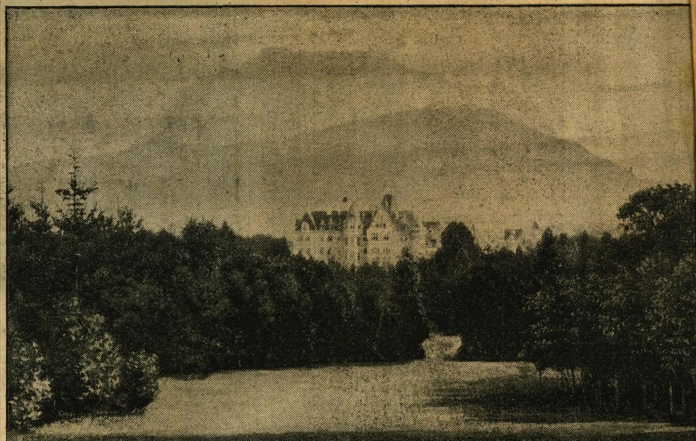
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF CUMBERLAND.
(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)



GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

At Gmunden to-day Princess Alexandra of Cumberland is to be married to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

WHERE THE ROYAL WEDDING WILL BE



Cumberland Castle, Gmunden, Austria, the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, and the place of the royal wedding.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

FIRST LONDON APPEARANCE.



Miss Viola Tree, who to-day makes her first London appearance as Viola in a matinee of "Twelfth Night" at His Majesty's Theatre.—(Photograph by Lallie Charles.)



Grove Hill, Harrow, where a pauper was executed on Easter Sunday.



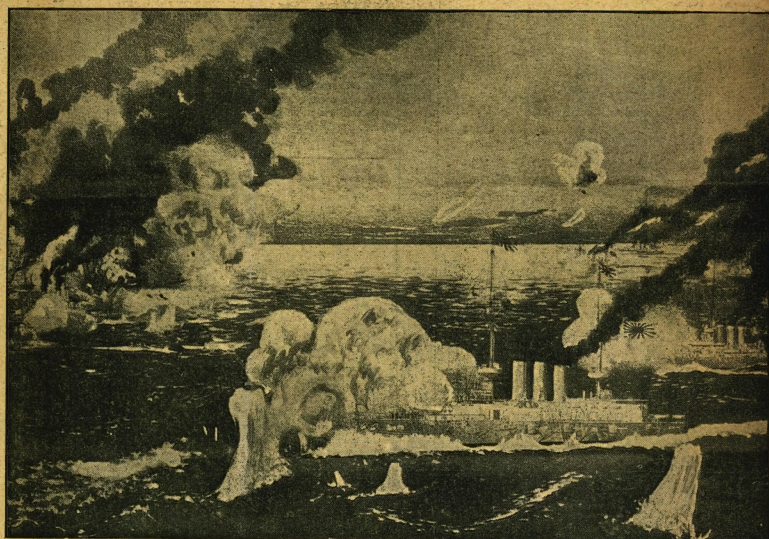
"The Japanese mongrels celebrate the victories won by their treacherous attacks, forgetting that he who laughs last laughs most."—(From the Russian "Buddink".)

SOCIETY WEDDING TO-DAY.



Lord Acton and Miss Dorothy Lyon, who are to be married to-day at the Oratory, South Kensington. Lord Acton is a member of the Diplomatic Service.

PORT ARTHUR ATTACKED—JAPANESE IDEA OF THE SCENE.



A Japanese artist's idea of an attack on Port Arthur by the fleet under Admiral Togo. As usual in both Japanese and Russian pictures of the war, the enemy is suffering badly.

CELEBRATED TO-DAY.



The Duke of Cumberland, the King's cousin, whose daughter, Princess Alexandra, is to be married to-day. (Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.



Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, wife of the Colonial Secretary, whose play, "Warp and Woof," was produced last night at the Camden Theatre by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

ITALIAN VENDETTA IN "LITTLE ITALY."



GIUSEPPE IOVINO.



ANDREA PERETTA.

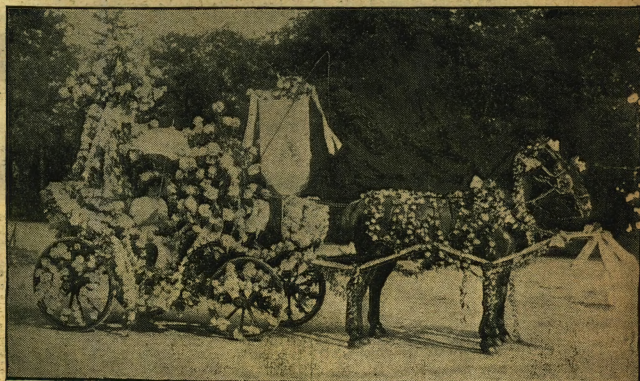
The two Italians wanted by the police for the murder of another Italian, Paulino Amata, in Hatton Garden, have been arrested at Genoa. The crime is supposed to be the result of a vendetta.

DRURY LANE OPERA.



Mme. Ella Russell, who has been engaged for English opera at Drury Lane, made her first appearance last night. (Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

THE FLORAL FETE IN PARIS.



Mrs. Marconi in her beautifully-decorated carriage at the floral fete in Paris. The back of the carriage is roofed in by an arbour of flowers which completely covers the occupants.



Even motorists met with an accident on closed to motor traffic.

Wash and scrape the asparagus; then cut it all the same length. Put the heads in a pan of boiling salted water and cook them till tender, then drain and dry them carefully in a clean cloth. Have ready a neat piece of toast to fit the dish in which the asparagus is to be served and place the asparagus on it, turning the heads all one way. Mix the cheese and crumbs together, sprinkle these over the asparagus; also a good dust of salt and pepper. Put the butter, cut into little bits, here

BEGIN THIS TO-DAY.

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW,

Authors of "The Shulamite," the only novel by new authors this year which has gone into a second edition, and is still the rage at all the West End libraries.

"Life is a chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny, with Men for Pieces, Plays."

FOR NEW READERS.

Who was John Heron's father? He does not know. He is a successful man, has made money in the Colonies, come home to buy a fine place on Dartmoor, and already made a mark in politics. But he has no idea of his origin. The only hint ever given to him was his mother's cry of "Philip" as she died.

Nevertheless, he persuades Beatrix Chevenix to promise to marry him, although she is the daughter of the Prime Minister, and one of the most fascinating young women in London, with hosts of admirers.

She engages herself to him, promising herself that she will throw him over if he does not improve on acquaintance; and goes to stay at Denzil's Folly, his Devonshire house.

While she is riding with him one day they meet a strange, ragged, old man, with whom Heron has some words alone, but of whom he says nothing when he rejoins Beatrix. On the evening of the same day a curious noise is heard outside the house. Heron goes out quickly, saying it is a watch-dog loose. Then a fall is heard, and a suppressed cry.

Soon after Heron has returned to his guests, he is informed by a warder that a convict has escaped from Princetown.

That same night Beatrix is seized with a restless fit, and, hearing a noise in the lower part of the house, goes down to find out what it is. In the library she sees at a window a figure which she recognises at once as that of the man whose wife she has promised to be.

CHAPTER VI.

A Hunted Man.

It was John Heron, who stood with his back to the window, but John Heron as Beatrix had never seen him before. Livid and stern-faced, a man who looked ready to face the world, his gaze relaxed as he recognised the intruder.

"My darling," he said in low tones, "how you startled me. Did you think thieves were abroad, and so came down to frighten them by yourself? I have come down to fetch a book—a book I left here."

Beatrix looked at him half contemptuously, taking in the full meaning of the unbarred window, and noticing that he had changed his evening clothes for outdoor garments. She marked also the large bundle on the table near him, the brandy flask, and provisions.

"Don't lie to me," she said coldly, "as you lied to the warder from Princetown. I am not so easily deceived as he was, and I warn you that it would be better for you to tell me the truth."

"I wish to, and you have the right to ask it, dear," He spoke in a quiet, self-composed voice. "Will you sit down for a moment, and I will tell you all there is to tell; the story will not take long."

Beatrix sat down in one of the big leather armchairs with a little shiver. How silent the house was, with the silence of a house asleep. A few red embers still burnt in the grate, and John Heron, after putting his lamp down on the writing-table, proceeded to rake them together in the vain hope of revivifying the fire. Beatrix watched him as she crouched in the armchair. The room seemed full of blackness, that the feeble light of the lamp only intensified, and she knew that shadows lurked in every corner.

"Oh, never mind the fire, John," she cried, half impatiently, nervous tremors shooting over her whole body, "say what you have got to say, and let me go."

He raised his head and looked at her helplessly, a great compassion in his eyes. "You mustn't catch cold," he said, gently. Beatrix remembered her unbound hair and her silk negligee, and she shuddered crimson, but Heron took no heed of her embarrassment; he simply picked up a big bearskin rug and wrapped it round her, chair and all.

Her face peered oddly out, poking above the fur, but she felt the warm, cosy comfort of the wrap, and she had liked the pressure of his strong arms as he bound the rug round her. How nice it would have been to have rested her head on his shoulder. How very tender his love was. With a

strong effort of will she put these thoughts behind her, and addressed him in the cold, clear voice of a judge.

"You know perfectly well, John, that we met an old man on the moor to-day, who answered exactly to the warder's description of the escaped convict; why did you say we had met no one, just answer me that first?"

There was silence for a full moment; some white ash dropped in the grate; a mouse began nibbling the wainscot; the clock ticked; rain could be heard pelted down again outside.

John Heron walked over to the writing table, and when he spoke his back was turned to Beatrix.

"An old man, a frail old man. A man who went into Princetown young and strong, and whose life has been crushed out between stone walls."

Hasn't such a man paid dearly enough for yielding to a momentary temptation? Did you not wish him chased over the moor, Beatrix, shot at, maimed?"

"Justice is justice," she replied sternly. "The man has fallen under the ban of the law. I don't believe in helping criminals. Besides, you ought to have told me who the man was if you knew, not left me in ignorance."

"You don't believe in helping criminals," he answered, in a strange, compressed voice, and taking no notice of her last remark, "and perhaps in your case I shouldn't either; but if the criminal happens to be a man's own father? What is one to do then, Beatrix? Can you answer me that?"

He turned and looked at her as he spoke, gazing hungrily at her who renounces the thing most desired on earth.

"A man's own father." She repeated the words slowly, and then her voice rose in a pitiful cry: "Oh, no, John, anything but that—anything but that."

John Heron sank down imply in a chair and buried his face in his hands. He was decent and reticent with his grief. He would hide his tears from all, even from the woman he loved. Yet Beatrix marked the slow leaving of his shoulders, and heard his deep, sobbing breaths.

"Don't, John," she murmured, her own tears rolling down her cheeks. "I simply cannot bear you to suffer so. Do you know, you are piercing my heart?" She had forgotten that she had decided to break with the man; just then she only realised his grief and hers, and the terrible calamity that had fallen on both.

John Heron pulled himself together with an effort.

"Forgive me," he said, almost humbly. "I ought to have shown more courage, and not have distressed you so. Don't cry, Tris, be my brave girl to-night."

"But how do you know that he is your father?" she said, with a shade of sharpness. "You have told me over and over again that your mother always refused to tell you who your father was. Simply told you he was dead, and kept his name a secret till the day he died."

"How do I know," he retorted quickly, "what proof I have? I have no certain knowledge, no actual proof, and yet I feel as certain as a man can feel that Philip Denzil is my father. Philip Denzil—convict 175."

"But why?" she went on impatiently. You must have some reasons for your belief. Let me hear them."

"First of all," he answered slowly, "my poor mother's intense longing to return to Dartmoor, and the unguarded admission she made one day that I had been born in Devonshire. Then her desire that I should purchase this house and leave furniture and fittings intact till the day of her death. Unless she were Denzil's wife this very act would not have been a usual one, you know, for most women like decorating and furnishing a house to their own taste. Her passionate emotion when she first entered Denzil's Folly—an emotion she vainly tried to conceal. Also her strange dislike to any mention of Princetown in her hearing, and yet, when we have passed that gloomy place in our drives how lingeringly her eyes have rested on it, how sadly and wearily she has sighed."

Oh, how plain everything becomes," He shook his shoulders restlessly, as though he felt the weight of a new and heavy burden. "Why, I remember waking up as a little chap one night and hearing that poor, sweet woman reciting the Litany on her knees by the side of my cot, dwelling with emphasis on the prayer for those in captivity, repeating it over and over again. How plainly the words still ring in my ear, and then, as she lay on her death bed—"

"Philip," she cried, "Philip," and her soul went out in the cry. He stopped speaking, his eyes full of that never forgotten death scene, his mouth twitching, his face marked by weariness and pain. "But I want you to understand, dear," he went on, after a brief pause, "that I didn't realise all this when I asked you to be my wife; I thought myself nameless then, nameless—not branded."

Beatrix leaned forward, her chin half buried in the warm fur of the rug. "I know that, John," she said softly. "What happened on the moor?" she asked timidly. "Did he tell you he was Philip Denzil?"

"He did. He threw himself absolutely on my mercy. I told you Beatrix, it was appalling—simply awful, in fact—to listen to such an appeal and to have to allow a human being to cringe so. He crouched in the dust at my feet part of the time, and when I realised that he might be my father, the man who had kissed my mother—great God, I felt sick! Can you not understand a little what it felt like? Beatrix, when he first appeared from behind those oak trees and darted out upon us—"

"John Heron's voice sounded very low and deep—"

"I saw the look in his eyes that I had seen in my father's eyes years ago—the father I dimly remembered gazing down on the child roused from sleep. It was the same face; I recognised it at once. A young face then, an old face now, the look of fear was the same—wild, frantic fear."

"I know," muttered the girl. "It made me shudder."

"I asked you to ride on," Heron continued, "and almost as soon as you had turned your horse's head he told me who he was, and implored me not to sobbing but not to betray him, but to direct him to Denzil's Folly; he home, as he called it. I saw that the poor wretch was half-crazy and had a wild idea that he would find safety and refuge once he had reached his old house. He muttered that his wife and boy were buried there, while realising that his wife slept in her grave and that he was kneeling and pleading to his own son."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him it would be madness to come to Denzil's Folly, that he was only courting a return to the prison he had broken out of. I had him hide himself in the deep device he had been concocted in when we first rode up, promising to seek him out at early dawn and bring him food and clothes, and, later on, when the hue and cry had lessened, I told him I would help him to escape from England."

"I felt all the time I was talking to a craft and unscrupulous brain, but he whispered, nodded his head, and promised to obey me. I watched him slink back and hide himself, and then I rode after you—Heaven knows with what a heavy heart!"

"And he is there still?" Beatrix spoke in low, excited tones.

"No," John Heron looked round the dark room as if he feared lest the very shadows should overhear, and then he lowered his voice to a whisper. "After dinner this evening, as we sat at our wine, I heard the pattering of feet on the terrace, and I went out to see. It was he himself, Beatrix. He crossed the moor in the mist, passed the bog that might have sucked him to its depths, and even the warders who were hunting him. The mist had hidden him, and some instinct—the instinct of the beast for shelter—had brought him home. He has forgotten all those years of prison life, he is harmless and mad; and he was uttering a name when I found him—"

"Where is he now; where have you hidden him?" Beatrix Chevenix had sprung to her feet, and stood facing John Heron, all the womanhood in her stirred to its deepest depths.

"In the small tool-house where I have my carpenter's bench—you know that hobby of mine for carpentering. I had to stun him from behind, otherwise he would have betrayed his presence at once, and then I lifted him up in my arms and carried him here, dumb, deaf, like you were when my mother's wedding ring. Oh, gracious God, the pity of it all, the pity."

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"But to-morrow and the next day—how can you hope to hide him here? It seems to me, John, unless he gets some glimmerings of intelligence."

"We shall see," John Heron squared his back. "The man my mother loved is not going back to that stone prison again. I'd shoot him dead first, though he gave me my life. Now go to bed, Beatrix, you look tired out, poor girl, and to-morrow you will write to your father that you've changed your mind about marrying me. And you'd better leave here, of course."

"I want to see your father." She took no notice of the latter part of her lover's speech. "Let me run to my room and slip on my dress, John, and then we'll go to the tool-house together. Do not shake your head, he may be ill, and I know a little about illness, and remember one thing—here she glanced up with a strange light in her eyes—"if we were married it would be my duty; he would be my father, too."

John Heron shook his head.

"It is good, very good, of you, Tris, to wish to help me, but you hardly seem to realise that my father is convict 170, whilst you—you are the daughter of the Premier of England. Thank God, we have found the truth out in the end; mere idea of your being engaged to the son of a convict seems terrible—give me back my ring, darling," he winced as he spoke, and as his eyes fell on the gleaming emeralds he had given her. "We must not act so hastily, John, it would make a scandal. So, everything must go on as arranged for a little longer—my father's visit here and all. His very presence here will help to keep things safe, for who would suspect the future son-in-law of the Premier of harbouring a criminal? Do you see that for yourself? When you write to your father, say that you are in England, if he really be your father?" she spoke doubtfully, "then I will give you back your ring, but in my own time and my own way."

"I suppose you are right," he answered slowly and thoughtfully, as though weighing his words; but still he will be very hard, when we are alone together, to remember that our ways have parted."

"John"—she was speaking in low tones—"do

you think your mother ceased to love your father—"

"No," he replied steadily; "no, a thousand times, no. She loved him all her life, I believe, and her face was literally transfigured when she called out his name as she died."

"Has it ever occurred to you," her low voice went on, "that women are all made in the same future son-in-law? Now, if I should come down, John, I won't be gone for more than a moment." She ran to the door as she spoke, opened it softly, and then vanished into the dark.

John Heron, left alone, walked over to the mantelpiece, leaned his head on his arms, and sobbed like a child.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chevenix Temperament.

The Honourable Robert Chevenix lay back in his armchair and looked hard at Lord Holford. He was the latter's guest in Yorkshire, and the two men had been discussing many things, and the conversation had veered to Beatrix and her marriage.

A strong friendship existed between the Premier and Lord Holford, personal as well as political, and Robert Chevenix would have been well pleased if the small, lean man facing him had been his future son-in-law; but Fate had seemingly decided otherwise—Fate and Beatrix.

"You think she will be happy?" Lord Holford spoke nervously and with some diffidence; indeed, he fidgeted a little with his gold-rimmed pin-cer, for even to talk of the woman he still loved moved him.

"Who can say?" The Premier gave his slow, enigmatic smile and slightly shrugged his shoulders; "it is always difficult to define the word happiness. I do not fancy Beatrix possesses the temperament to be contented with mere commonplace domestic joys. If the man succeeds she will admire him passionately; if he is a failure her scorn will be proportional as to the situation as I see it, but I may be wrong, Eric."

"He is clever," Lord Holford made the admission grudgingly.

"Undoubtedly. He made a fine fight at Havers, a particularly fine fight. He is a crusader, he knows the Colonies; that is why I took him up."

"You don't know who his father was?"

"I have not the least idea. Some men don't seem to have fathers, or to want them; they spring up, as it were, from the earth. He was frank enough about it all when he asked my consent to the engagement, and I was frank, too." Robert Chevenix smiled again, as he threw his cigar ash into a small brass ash-tray by his side.

"What did you say to him?" Lord Holford rested his thin hands on his lean legs and stared dreamily into the red glow of the fire.

"I told him," answered Robert in his lazy, caressing voice, "that if Beatrix was content I was, and that he must have something about him, or the girl wouldn't have chosen him. I also added that the husband of Beatrix Chevenix was bound to succeed, his wife would see to that. And what do you think his reply was?" And the man laughed softly to himself as over some mellow, exquisite jest.

"I'm sure I don't know," came the other's moody answer.

"That he intended his wife should be proud of him, and forget her personality in his, a man of ambitions, eh, Eric?" and again came the soft, curious laugh.

Lord Holford rose and pushed back his chair. The two men were sitting in the library of Radford Castle.

"It's late," remarked Lord Holford, almost curtly, "past one—what do you say to a move?"

"I say yes," replied the other, rising out of the deep armchair and standing up tall and straight. Robert Chevenix carried his years well; at fifty-three he still gave the idea of manhood in its prime, for his light hair was only shaded with grey, his clever, clean-cut face was neither wrinkled nor lined, and his eyes were full of the sparkle and fire of youth.

"Well, I leave for Dartmoor the day after to-morrow, and I shall see for myself how the wind blows," he added, stretching his long legs. "Shall let you know, Eric, if Beatrix has changed her mind? I know you take an interest in her?" He bent down over the fire, warming his hands.

"I wish you would," answered Lord Holford slowly, and then he gave a nervous cough. "Beatrix could be chattering here if she liked, but she seems to prefer the quiet."

"For the moment," the Premier looked critically at his large white fingers, "but Beatrix is as changeable as the wind. She ought to make a brilliant marriage, and I own I should be glad to have you for my son-in-law. Well, the thing may yet come to pass"—a shade of tenderness came over the hard, clever face—"Beatrix is wilful and wild, but she is her mother's daughter. I wish she had inherited her mother's heart instead of the Chevenix temperament." The Premier might have spoken differently could he have seen Miss Chevenix at that moment.

She was kneeling on the floor of the dusty tool-house at Denzil's Folly, supporting an old man's head against her breast and trying to pour some brandy down his throat. John Heron stood by her side, holding a lantern in his hand. The light, falling on the girl's white, beautiful face, revealed little enough pride in it now, but only a passionate pity, as she gazed down on Convict 170, watching for the first sign of returning consciousness.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

KING EDWARD'S 400 CLOCKS.

Historical Timepieces of Quaint Design and Romantic Interest in the Royal Palaces.

King Edward VII. has 250 timepieces in Windsor Castle, and over 170 in Buckingham Palace. In St. James's Palace and Hampton Court are many more, making in all a kingly portion of 400.

King Henry VIII.'s clocks, which were a source of great delight to him, at the Palace of Westminster, in 1542, only numbered ten.

On the morning of her wedding Henry VIII. gave Anne Boleyn a clock ten inches high as a present. It is now in the Chapel Retiring Room



Anne Boleyn's Wedding Clock.

at Windsor Castle. The lead weights are partly covered in copper gilt, and are engraved with "H.A." and true lovers' knots on one, and "H.A." alone on the other. Round the bottom of each are the words, "The Most Happy." Poor Anne Boleyn was beheaded four years after. Queen Victoria bought this clock at the sale of Horace Walpole's effects at Strawberry Hill for £110 5s.

This clock should surely have stopped when Anne Boleyn died, but it is evidently not a sympathetic timepiece, like the one in Hampton Court. This is an old astronomical clock, originally made in 1540 for Henry VIII. It was restored in 1880, and set up in Clock Court, after lying for fifty years in

a shed, say the authors of "Royal Clocks"—a book published by Mr. John Walker, the King's clockmaker, to further the interests of artistic clock-making.

It was first erected on the eve of Henry VIII.'s marriage to Catherine Howard. Before the year was out the great dial saw her taken from palace to prison.

At Hampton Court also lived Anne of Denmark, James I.'s Queen. At the moment of her death in 1619 the clock suddenly stopped. Since then it has always stopped, the story goes, when anyone dies who has lived for a long while in the palace.

The dial of the clock consists of three copper discs, of different sizes, revolving at different rates. In the centre of the smallest, which is



The Turret Clock at Windsor Castle.

3ft. 3½ in. in diameter, is a globe representing the earth, a smaller disc travelling in a circular hole behind shows the phases of the moon. A second disc, 4ft. ½ in. in diameter, projects from behind, and gives the moon's age in days, while the largest disc of 7ft. 10 in. exhibits the day of the month and the position of the sun in the ecliptic.

days, and strikes the quarters as well as the hours. The great wheels of the striking parts are 2½ in. in diameter, and the hours are struck on a bell weighing 32wt. It is wound by a double multiplying jack, and requires 1,000 revolutions to raise the weights.

In Windsor Castle, too, in the Footman's Room,

is an "Act of Parliament clock." It has a large dial of wood painted black with gilt figures, not covered by a glass, and a trunk long enough to allow of a seconds pendulum. Pitt had imposed a tax on all timepieces, so these clocks were designed for taverns, where they might stand out boldly and tell the time to unfortunate members of the public unable on account of the tax to afford a watch.

In the King's Room at Buckingham Palace is a sympathetic clock. Over it is a watch, worn once by George IV., which is set to time by a small piece of steel that shoots up at twelve, and entering a hole in the rim operates on the minute hand, and makes it correspond with the clock; provided the difference is not more than twenty minutes. It was made by Brequet, of Paris (1740-1823), who invented a winding motion which was done by the



Clock in the State Dining Room at Buckingham Palace.

movement of the wearer's body; a watch with projecting hours for the use of the blind, and the Brequet, or tipsy, key, by which the winding of a watch the wrong way is rendered harmless.

A Beautiful Design.

On the mantelpiece in the State Dining Room a fine design by Thomire is seen of Apollo, in his chariot, urging his steed over a space representing the vault of Heaven. The wheel of the chariot is the dial. This beautiful clock was once covered by a glass case, but the King, thinking that these cases were inartistic, removed it, and many others that had previously covered the royal clocks.

In the Blue Drawing Room is an astronomical clock by Lepine, who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, which forms a perpetual calendar. It is 2ft. 6 in. high, and has three dials. Its inner and upper dial is surmounted by a celestial globe, on each side of which is a bronzed gilt cupid, who, by the mathematical instruments around them, seem to have laid aside for the time being the light pursuit of love. Its two outside dials are encircled with the signs of the Zodiac. The central dial denotes the time, and has a seconds hand; the dial on the right of the spectator denotes the days of the week and phases of the moon; and the dial on the left denotes the month and the day of the month.

FLIRTING ON LINERS.

Sailor's Prerogative Forbidden on Modern Steamships.

The statement from Boston, U.S., to the effect that the officers of the Cunard steamers running to that port have been warned against flirting with their lady passengers has not caused any excitement at the company's headquarters in Liverpool. "Our officers habitually keep to themselves," was the laconic reply of the manager when informed of the Bostonians' lament.

In former days officers in the merchant service flirted with the ladies as part of their routine, and numerous marriages resulted through meetings in that way.

That custom has died out in British steamers, especially in the Atlantic trade. Officers in the White Star Line are not allowed to stop at the ship's walk across the hurricane deck, even to answer questions.

Any officer in the big companies who is reported by his captain for mixing too much with the lady passengers loses his position in the company's service.

A well-known London line of steamers was famous for the gallantry of its officers, who used to go about the decks, gloved and perfumed, looking more like Bond-street dandies than sailors.

A few years ago one of their big steamers went ashore in the Baltic under the command of a French and German merchant seamen have not come out so well in the time of peril.

The officer in the British mercantile marine receives less pay than a stockbroker's clerk, and has to pay for his uniform and other expenses out of it, in addition to keeping his family if he has the temerity to marry.

NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

Narrow Escape of 500 Workmen at Queenstown.

Five hundred workmen had a narrow escape at Haulbowline Dockyard yesterday. They were being ferried over from Queenstown to their daily work in the Government tug *Thistle* when the boat struck a hidden object in the water, bursting some of her plates.

All the men landed at the usual stage, but when the *Thistle* had been taken alongside the Navy receiving ship *Royalist* she settled down by the head and sank. The engineer had just time to open the safety valve to prevent an explosion.

The *Thistle* was purchased by the Admiralty in 1902, and was built at Grangemouth. She was 140ft. in length, 160 tons gross tonnage, and had twin screws. Efforts will immediately be made to lift her.

KING CONGRATULATES DEAN.

Yesterday was the golden wedding-day of the Dean of York and Lady Emma Percy-Cust. The citizens of York have presented them with a service of gold plate, and given Lady Emma a diamond bracelet. The Dean of York is the only surviving Dean of those appointed by Mr. Disraeli.

The Dean received the following telegram from Lord Knollys during the morning:—"The King and Queen desire me to express their warm congratulations to you and Lady Emma on the celebration of your golden wedding, and their sincere hope for your continued happiness."

Thomas Taylor, engaged at Usworth Pit, near Newcastle, slipped and fell down the shaft, a distance of about 360ft.

Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., states that the assertion made at a meeting of bookmakers and recently published as to his blocking the Street Betting Bill is a fabrication.

STEEL MEETS STEEL.

Home and Foreign Masters To Fight the Trust.

English rolling mills are endeavouring to fight the American Steel Trust by joining firms in Germany and Belgium to form a European trust.

The representative of one English house remarked to a *Mirror* representative yesterday that all the rolling mills on the Continent have been invited to join the trust, which, it is believed, will help Europe to a considerable extent, and benefit the English firms who have agreed to enter the rail ring.

A manager of a large steel rail works in Scotland pooh-poohed the proposal of a working arrangement with German firms, and spoke in a very sanguine way of the futility of competing with America or attempting to oust her from the position she holds in the world's steel markets.

TORTAJADA LOVES LONDON.

Attired in a blue costume, with a flat hat, La Tortajada, looking the picture of health and high spirits, received a *Mirror* man yesterday. The famous dancer said: "I love London. I have been here four times, but I have never yet appeared at the Palace." London audiences, in La Tortajada's opinion, are quite the best. "They are delightful," she declared.

CALLS TO THE BAR.

Wednesday, the 15th inst., will be "Call Night" of Trinity Term at the four Inns of Court, when 102 law students will be called to the Bar at their respective Inns, and become barristers-at-law.

Of this number thirty-three are entered at the Inner Temple, thirty-one at the Middle Temple, and nineteen each at Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. The number at Trinity Term last year was ninety-nine.

WARNER WEDS TO-DAY.

His Best Man Will Be Yorkshire's Best Man—Lord Hawke.

At 2.30 to-day Mr. Pelham Warner, the famous cricketer, is to be married at Marylebone Church, near Lord's, the scene of so many of his best achievements.

His bride is Miss Agnes Blythe, the daughter of Sir James Blythe. She accompanied Mr. Warner during his recent Australian tour, and witnessed the great victories that enabled her fiancé to bring the "ashes of English cricket" back to the old country.

Sir James Blythe will give the bride away, and the best man is to be the best cricket captain in the world—Lord Hawke, of Yorkshire.

There will, of course, be a great gathering of first-class cricketers, for there is no more popular man playing the game than "Plum" of the "harlequin hat."

But it is as the tactful, sportsmanlike, yet strong leader of the successful M.C.C. team that he is most regarded by the public.

The crowd generally let themselves go when Warner walked to the wickets, but on this occasion they will be unable to do so, for we understand that precautions are to be taken to insure against any demonstration by the public.

One thing is, however, certain—that this good sportsman has the good wishes of every cricketer in this land, and the many others in which he has played.

Lovers of cricket everywhere in England and Australia will join in wishing Mr. Warner "Much joy."

GIRL FALLS DOWN A PRECIPICE.

ZURICH, Monday.

A girl was walking near the Wildkirchli, above Appenzel, when a fence gave way, and she fell down the precipice, sustaining fatal injuries.—*Reuter.*

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JOCKEY CLUB MEET.

Two-Year-Olds to Race Over Four Furlongs—Mr. Slevier's Nominations.

The annual meeting of the Jockey Club was held yesterday at Derby House, London. Owing to the important nature of the business to be transacted there was a large attendance of prominent members of the club. Perhaps the most momentous item on the agenda was Lord Durham's proposal that "There shall be no race of less distance than five furlongs, except for two-year-olds, which may run four furlongs until the Epsom Spring Meeting."

As it will be seen, the proposal was of a very far-reaching character, and involved a great principle of racing, and it was for this reason that Lord Durham preferred to have the matter thrashed out at the general meeting of the club, instead of at the gathering held at Newmarket in the Second Spring Week.

Lord Durham's co-Stewards—Mr. Arthur James and Colonel Baird—were not unanimous on the subject, and, indeed, so much at variance were some members regarding the proposed alteration that Lord Crewe gave notice of an amendment to add after the word meeting, "in selling races and for races of which the clear value to the winner does not exceed 200 sovereigns."

The proceedings, which lasted a long time, were, as usual, conducted in private, but last evening it was officially stated that the meeting at Derby House had been a success in re the four-furlong races was passed.

Messrs. Weatherly also stated that the Stewards informed the club that the Stewards had decided to disqualify before he became a disqualified person, with the exception of those in which he as nominator has a pecuniary interest.

By the above ruling both Septire and Duke of Westminster are disqualified for the Princess of Wales's Stakes of 10,000 sovs. at the Newmarket First July Meeting, as Mr. Slevier, who nominated both, is interested in their winnings to the extent of 400 sovs. each. Septire's Ascot engagements will not, however, become void.

WHAT THEY HAVE WON.

Only nine jockeys have gained upwards of £5,000 in stakes for their various employers. Easily first is W. Lane, whose forty-eight races aggregate in value the large sum of £23,668 10s. The greater portion of this amount is due to the successes of Pretty Polly in the New Thousand Guineas and the Oaks.

Lane has gained nearly double as much as any of his "brothers of the pigskin," the nearest of whom is Kenap, who has won £1,000 in the New Thousand Guineas and £1,500 in the Two Thousand and Derby, has gained £15,877 as the result of nine winning races. Next follow Danny Maher, who has won £1,000 in the New Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, and the other two who have gained upwards of £10,000.

The following is the complete list of winners of more than £5,000: W. Lane (48 races, value £23,668 10s.); K. Cannon (49—£13,837); C. D. Maher (40—£10,948 5s.); K. O. Madden (40—£10,563); B. Dillon (19—£9,145 10s.); W. Halsey (31—£7,137 10s.); T. W. Griggs (18—£5,380); E. S. Wheatley (20—£5,465); and S. C. Trigg (20—£5,380).

LIVING CORPSE AT MOSCOW.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, Sunday.

A record case of mutilation in war is that of Feodor Plakins, an artilleryman from Port Arthur, who has arrived at Moscow, blind and deaf, and minus his arms, legs, and hair.

Plakins received his terrible injuries from an exploding shell at the second bombardment of Port Arthur. His life was saved by wholesale amputations, but he is practically dead to the world, nothing but the sense of smell and touch remaining to him.

A subscription opened for him by a Russian newspaper realised 200 roubles, and the Tsar has given him a cottage on his estate at Peterhof.

BOMB EXPLOSION AT BARCELONA.

BARCELONA, Monday.

As the Governor was returning to his official residence from the Corpus Christi procession yesterday a formidable bomb was exploded. Fortunately no one was injured. The perpetrator of the outrage was not discovered.—Reuter.

CORPSE LEFT IN A CLOAK ROOM.

No further light was thrown upon the Liverpool Street Station portmanteau mystery at yesterday's inquest.

The body of a newly-born male child had been discovered in a portmanteau left in the cloak room on May 29, and which had not since been removed. "Mr. Grierson" was the name attached to the label.

Medical evidence showed the child had been stillborn.

MISS LOUIE FREEAR REAPPEARS.

Miss Louie Freear made her reappearance last night at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in Mr. Stephen Bonas's comedy, "Bob Boy."

Miss Freear's clever impersonation of the impish drummer-boy Bob gave the liveliest satisfaction to a very full house.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT FOREIGN OFFICE.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain returned yesterday to London from their visit to Mr. Leverton Harris, M.P., at Camilla Lacey, Dorking.

Mr. Chamberlain afterwards had a two-hour interview with Lord Lansdowne at the Foreign Office.

The horses engaged in Mr. W. M. Singer's name at Lingfield will run in Mr. A. Taylor's name and colours. Mr. C. Hodgson's horses will run in Mr. A. Stedall's name and colours.

KEEN FIGHT AT BRADFORD.

Honours Easy Between Surrey and Yorkshire.

GOOD BOWLING BY LEES.

The enjoyment of yesterday's cricket at Bradford in the match between Yorkshire and Surrey was completely spoilt by the unseasonable weather. From start to finish there came not a single gleam of sunshine, and a bitterly cold east wind made the temperature more suggestive of mid-winter than the month of June.

Yorkshire, who made three changes from the eleven beaten at Lord's on Saturday, Grimshaw, Myers, and Ringrose taking the places of Lord Hawke, Ernest Smith, and Whitehead, were in first, and in two hours and a half were all dismissed for 130. A catch at the wicket got rid of Jackson in the first over, and half an hour from the start the score had only reached 8. Lockwood was then put on, and in his first over Tunnicliffe made 15 runs, including four 4s to square the score, this comprising the only real hitting of the day. Tunnicliffe left at 31, and four wickets were down for 55.

He made some fine strokes at intervals, and with Wilkinson, who batted carefully for eighty minutes, put on 32.

Rhodes, when he had made 1, was missed low down at point. This mistake proved expensive, Rhodes and Haigh adding 46 in forty minutes, but the last three wickets all fell at the same total. Lees, although handicapped by a damaged hand, bowled in very fine form all through the innings, and Cooper, who was making his first appearance, if not turning the ball much, maintained a good pace. Strudwick was excellent behind the stumps.

Against some fine bowling by Hirst and Jackson, and a well-placed field, the Surrey men found run-getting even more difficult than their opponents had done. Having disposed of Yorkshire for so moderate a score they set themselves to play a very cautious game, but no large measure of success attended their efforts.

The light turning slightly defective, stumps were pulled up at a quarter past six, Surrey, with four wickets in hand, being 37 behind.

Present score and analysis—

YORKSHIRE.		SURREY.	
Hon. F. S. Jackson, c.	21	H. B. Chinnery, c.	25
Strudwick b Lees	0	Gooder, not out	6
H. Wilkinson, c. Hayward	4	Lees, not out	2
H. B. Hirst, b. Lees	14	Lees bowled a wide	0
Tunnicliffe, b. Lees	24	Lees bowled a wide	0
Denton, b. Lees	10	Lees bowled a wide	0
Crabtree, b. Lees	10	Lees bowled a wide	0
Hirst, b. Lees	30	Lees bowled a wide	0
Total	130	Total (6 wickets)	102

Lockwood, Strudwick, and Smith to bat.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Yorkshire—First Innings.

Lees 26.5 10 64.5 Lockwood 0 0 2 41.1

Gooder 16 6 62 2 2 2

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Fishwick's wicket for 36 runs. Present score and analysis—

SURREY.		YORKSHIRE.	
Carpentier, c. Byrne b.	96	J. W. H. T. Douglas, lbw	1
Sewell, Fishwick b.	107	Buckingham, c. Lillie b.	4
Quaife, Fishwick b.	107	Whitely, c. Lillie b.	4
P. Perrin, c. Lillie b.	107	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
G. McGaher, c. Lillie b.	107	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
T. Tromlin, c. Lillie b.	107	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
G. Tosetti, c. Lillie b.	107	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
Quaife, Fishwick b.	107	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
Rees, c. Lillie b.	107	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
Bussell (E.), run out	43	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4
Total	336	Moorehouse, c. Lillie b.	4

Warwickshire.

Fishwick, b. McGaher 21.1 Hargrave, not out 1

Kinnaird, not out 10

Total (1 wk.) 33

J. F. Byrne, A. C. S. Glover, Quaife, Lillie, Charlesworth, Moorehouse, Whitely, Tromlin to bat.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Surrey—First Innings.

Hargrave 0 0 m. r. w. Quaife 0 0 m. r. w.

Moorehouse 21.3 4 39 2 Santall 10 2 30 0

Whitely 15 3 59 2

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veterans opened the London County innings, and put on 154 for the first wicket. Both men played faultlessly. Afterwards the Londoners did badly, and were all dismissed for another 80 runs.

Loss of De Trafford's wicket, they had the better position at the close of the day's play.

Present score and analysis—

LONDON COUNTY.		LEICESTERSHIRE.	
W. G. Grace, c. Whitehead	73	C. Knight, not out	40
Whitehead b. Allsopp	73	Extras	120
Crawford b. King	74	Total (for 1 wk.)	240
L. Walker, c. Whitehead b.	74		
Whitehead b. Allsopp	74		
H. H. Burton, c. Whitehead	22		
Whitehead b. Allsopp	22		
Trott b. Allsopp	15		
W. B. Nicholson, b. Allsopp	15		
Total	243		

Leicestershire.

C. E. De Trafford, c. Knight, not out 40

C. Nicholson, b. Richard

